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THE
NEW ENGLAND
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JUNE 1952

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND THE EMERSONIAN GOSPEL

STUART GERRY BROWN

I

IN 1929, when John Jay Chapman was sixty-seven years old, Edmund Wilson, writing in *The New Republic,* referred to him as an American "classic" and called for a collected edition of his writings. The same critic, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1937, less than four years after Chapman's death, guessed that there were scarcely more than a hundred Americans who ever looked into his books and not many more who could remember his name. In the ensuing decade, despite a solid biography by his friend M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Chapman's name and work have moved smoothly and unnoticed into oblivion. A few aged New Yorkers, perhaps, remember him as he was in his fiery youth, just before the turn of the century. But in the official canon of American literature his place is confined to a single reference in the *Cambridge History* where, among other errors of fact and judgment, he is identified with Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt as a disciple of Charles Eliot Norton (which he was not) and a believer in "the cleavage between man's way and nature's way" (which he denied).[1]

The current of public approval submerges far more writers

[1] *The Cambridge History of American Literature* (New York, 1921), III, 491.

than it buoys up; and the plain reader ought to be glad that this is so. Otherwise he would be even more nearly choked with printed matter than he is. And on the whole the public taste is right. Not many really good writers fail to survive even in the short run, and none is ever permanently lost. But there are some, like Herman Melville, who become so waterlogged that they require years of drying out and repairing before they win general admiration.

The revival of Melville met a need of our maturing national culture—need for an epic and symbolical poet who should express the gropings of the literary and moral imagination of the people in the period of their youth. In these days there is a need equally great for a revival of the writings of men like John Jay Chapman. In a public sense, indeed, the need is far greater. Our art and literature will progress in proportion as our society remains alive and progressive. But our condition is dangerously unhealthy. In an age of revolution we are too easily content to parrot the old shibboleths about free enterprise, the law of supply and demand, and sound business principles. At a time when it is clear to almost everyone else in the world that the old hit-or-miss, devil-take-the-hindmost sort of economics and politics can no longer serve the needs of the people or save us from destructive wars; when most of the great and small powers are working with all their energies to plan the production and distribution of man's necessities so that he may live at last in peace, many Americans seem to have no greater care than the level of the income tax and the "return to normalcy." The mighty words of Roosevelt and Welles which seemed, during the war years, to signify a great renewal of the spirit in America are quickly forgotten, and the people, lifted for a moment to a high plane of courage and moral passion by the excitement of the world struggle, fall back contentedly into the deathly arms of convention. Thinking seems to have stopped and feeling to have run tepid. If we do not shake off this torpor we shall be isolated, at first in spirit and then in body, from the rest of the world. In the end, we shall

either fight hysterically against an unconquerable enemy whom we do not understand, or we shall die slowly of inanition. It is not, certainly, such a man as Chapman to whom the people will look in such a time, nor, probably, to any writer known or unknown, past or present. But Chapman is a good signpost. He points to Emerson; and Emerson points to the inherent strength and benign power of the human spirit, when it will make the great effort to put away selfishness and personal concern. And our need in America is above all a need for unselfishness. That is always the human need, but it is peculiarly and especially the American need now. Individual, personal, heroic unselfishness was the center of Emerson's gospel; and Emerson, for all his faults, was yet the wisest of our seers and poets. John Jay Chapman, better perhaps than any other American, understood and believed in Emerson's teachings and made applications of them to the problems of his life and time. For this reason, if there were no other, we should do well to look into his life and writings. In Chapman there is inspiration because there was faith in the potency of unselfish behavior. But the rewards of reading Chapman are not moral only. The curious reader will find humor, and charm, and wit, and urbanity, all those qualities of personality which have so often been the product of the humanities and which are now so sorely lacking in our education. The loss of these things has contributed greatly to that impoverishment of the American spirit, which, in turn, has emphasized our growing isolation from the rest of the world. One of Chapman's chief virtues was that he refused to accept these artificial and false divisions. For him there was no ultimate distinction between private morality and politics, between politics and religion, between religion and art; all were either humane and of the spirit, or they were false and treacherous.

He was born in New York City, March 2, 1862, the second son of Henry Grafton and Eleanor Jay Chapman. His father, an eccentric but cultured and moderately successful broker who became President of the New York Stock Exchange, was

a son of Maria Weston Chapman, abolitionist and collaborator of William Lloyd Garrison. John Jay received through this side of his family the inheritance of the authentic American reforming spirit. Though he was a late product of the great tradition, the fervent spirit of uplift (as he himself liked to call it) was never more active than in him. His friend Owen Wister aptly spoke of him as a "belated abolitionist." It was the zeal for reform which dominated the first phase of his career, both in his life and in his writing. It is this phase with which I am here concerned. But in the second phase, from his middle years to the end, though his life was sedentary and contemplative and his zeal was quieted, the old fire of dissatisfaction with things as they are continued to inform his writing and from time to time drove him into momentary bursts of action of the sort which he himself called "practical agitation."

On his mother's side he was in the direct line of descent from John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States. The Jay family were also bearers of the reforming spirit, and both Chapman's grandfather and great-grandfather Jay had been active in the abolition movement.

With this inheritance there came also moderate wealth, and special advantages of education and travel. It was intended that he should prepare for Harvard at St. Paul's School. But before he had completed his second year there he was seized with the first of a series of psychic disturbances which were to mar all the first half of his life and bear tragic consequences. Here is his own account of the episode:

> On returning to St. Paul's School for the second year, my isolation was apparent to the naked eye. I was plainly in a dream. I wandered about and made mysterious gestures before imaginary shrines. I picked up torn papers and carried them to the dust-bin. If I were playing baby cricket on the small boys' green patch at the then Lower School, I would lay my bat on the ground and wait, then pick it up and face the occult ceremony of the "service." These things astonished and bewildered the not-too-watchful school authorities and my father was sent for. I was at this period sleeping in

the attic of the then Lower School, and the water froze in my jug at night. On the journey home with my father, I developed pneumonia by sleeping in a draught on the Sound boat and arrived in a fever that kept me out of my head for many days. . . .

On my recovery, my body was a shell, with a weak left lung, and it was some years before my constitution was re-established.[2]

In these circumstances formal schooling became impossible, and a tutor was engaged to prepare him for college entrance examinations. For about five years he lived in New York with his family and had much leisure at his disposal. It was at this time that he found his affinities with the English poets and with the theatre. He read deeply in Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the ancient classics, and went often to the theatre, where he saw Booth as Macbeth and Boucicault in his own plays. He was devoted to music and heard all the best concerts, though he never showed any particular talent as a performer, either on the piano, which he studied from childhood, or the violin, which he took up later at Harvard. In after years he often drew images and illustrations from music and from the stage.

In the fall of 1880 when Chapman entered Harvard College, he was a tall, extraordinarily good-looking youth, shy and sensitive, but given to frequent violent outbursts of emotion. His tastes were aristocratic, but he had already acquired an intense hatred of all hypocrisy and all shallow convention. His passion for the unadulterated truth often led him into rash action and into bitter disputation with his teachers and fellow students. But the charm of his smile and the sincerity of his manner usually won forgiveness for his breaches of decorum.

Among his professors Chapman developed particular affection for Charles Eliot Norton, who sharpened his appreciation of the fine arts; for Josiah Royce, whose chopping of logic bored him but in whose idealism he found a lasting inspiration; and, above all, for William James, whose charm, frank-

[2] M. A. DeWolfe Howe, *John Jay Chapman and His Letters* (Boston, 1937), 22-23.

ness, and immense intellectual vigor seemed to him, as he said afterwards, the finest human qualities he ever encountered. But these men did not teach him the lessons of self-restraint which he most sorely needed. Perhaps no one could have taught him in those days; for he had fallen into a confusion of the freedom of the human will with impetuous wilfulness which was soon to bring almost unbelievable personal disaster. He heeded no signs, even when the faculty denied him his degree for repeated refusal to attend the compulsory daily chapel exercises. He gave his Class Day oration anyway, and waited the designated year to receive his degree, graduating in 1885.

Upon leaving Harvard, Chapman went abroad for a period of fifteen months in which he visited England, France, Italy, and Germany as a student and observer, and spent a short time in St. Petersburg where his uncle by marriage, Baron von Schweinitz, was German Ambassador. In the course of these travels he was introduced to Tennyson, Lord Acton, Spencer, Whistler, Sargent, and other men of letters, politics, and the fine arts. He drank deep drafts of old world culture and made up his mind, as he says in his reminiscences, that Europe was his natural habitat, that "by accident [he] had been born in a desert, a suburb, a penal colony." If money had been available he would have stayed on in Europe, but "the conditions were inexorable."

These conditions were that his father would pay his expenses for the long sojourn in Europe if he would return and prepare himself to make a living. He had decided upon the law, and dutifully enrolled in the Harvard Law School in the fall of 1885. Still cocksure, undisciplined, charming, learned beyond his years, he was approaching quite unaware the dreadful crisis which was to shape the whole of his adult life.

The first year at the Law School was relatively quiet. Chapman worked hard and quickly learned to appreciate the values inherent in the "case method" which had recently been introduced. He thought of it as a revival of the old Socratic

dialectic in a new field. In later years he often referred to this system as the most important American contribution to the educational process. He was grateful also for opportunities to dine and talk with certain distinguished professors and some of the leading jurists of Boston, particularly Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. His family connections gave him entrance to Boston society, and he was a frequent caller at Mrs. Whitman's and several others of the more interesting drawing rooms of Beacon Hill. At the Brimmer family home he made the acquaintance of a young lady, a sort of ward of Mr. Brimmer, named Minna Timmins. Minna was one of two orphaned sisters who had been born and reared in Italy, daughter of an Italian mother and an American father. She was tall and graceful, and somewhat darkly beautiful. During the year 1886 Chapman saw her with increasing frequency, and by autumn they had fallen in love. Here is the fateful story in Chapman's own words:

I had never abandoned my reading of Dante and it somehow came about that I read Dante with Minna. There was a large airy room at the top of the old Athenaeum Library in Boston whose windows looked out on the churchyard. It was a bare and quiet place: no one ever came there. And during the winter we read Dante there together, and in the course of this she told me of her early life in Milan. There were five children, three of them boys, and there were tempestuous quarrels between the parents. I saw that it was from her mother that she had inherited her leonine temperament. The mother had been a fury. I could see this, though she did not say it. . . . The Dante readings moved gradually like a cloud between me and the law, between me and the rest of life. It was done with few words. I had come to see that she was in love with someone. It never occurred to me that she might be in love with me. An onlooker might have said, "You loved her for the tragedies of her childhood and she loved you that you did pity them."

The case was simple, but the tension was blind and terrible. I was completely unaware that I was in love.

The amenities of life went on as usual—calls, visits, a dinner

here, a dance there—all of them commonplace. Yet my mind must have worked in a most unusual way and very rapidly, for I imagined the cause of her suffering and picked out an acquaintance of hers, a friend in whom she had little interest—how much I didn't know, for I knew nothing about him and she had never mentioned him. I do not remember having any intention to pursue or injure this man.

Now there happened to be the most innocent kind of party that you can imagine at a country house. A few pleasant people were there of whom I remember only one, who was a friend of my childhood that I had not seen for years and whose face comes back to me as I write. When the evening was half over, I invited the gentleman to whom I have referred to step on the lawn, and there I beat him with a stick—whence procured I don't know—about the head and shoulders. How I got away or what I did for the next day or two I cannot say.

The next thing I remember is returning late at night to my room. At that time I was rooming alone in a desolate side-street in Cambridge. It was a small, dark, horrid little room. I sat down. There was a hard-coal fire burning brightly. I took off my coat and waistcoat, wrapped a pair of suspenders tightly on my left forearm above the wrist, plunged the left hand deep in the blaze and held it down with my right hand for some minutes. When I took it out, the charred knuckles and finger bones were exposed. I said to myself, "This will never do." I took an old coat, wrapped it about my left hand and arm, slipped my right arm into an overcoat, held the coat about me and started for Boston in the horsecars. On arriving at the Massachusetts General Hospital I showed the trouble to a surgeon, was put under ether, and the next morning waked up without the hand and very calm in my spirits. Within a few days I was visited by the great alienist, Dr. Reginald Heber Fitz, an extremely agreeable man. He asked me among other things whether I was insane. I said, "That is for you to find out." He reported me as sane. I took no interest in the scandal which my atrocious acts must have occasioned. To this day I know nothing of what was thought or said on the matter. I know only of the extreme kindness of my friends in Boston and am grateful to my mother for having kept a few of my scanty notes from the hospital in which some of those friends are mentioned. My mother herself must have been

the worst sufferer; yet there was somehow a hardy intellectual basis of understanding between us. I did not worry about her. As for Minna, I knew that she loved me and that all was well. A few intimates came to see me at the hospital. My arm healed up rapidly. My inner composure, so far as I can remember, was complete. When I left the hospital, Judge and Mrs. Holmes took me in till I was strong enough to be moved.[3]

This dreadful occurrence took place in January, 1887. And it was nearly a year before Chapman was restored to anything like mental health. It seems likely that he would have been put away in an institution if it had not been for the faith which his friends and relatives had in him—this, and Minna Timmins' love for him. Not long after his release from the hospital he received a note from Mr. Brimmer, her guardian, summoning him, as he says, to an interview. That good gentleman was not a little anxious at the prospect of his ward's being married to a youth so violent and headstrong. Chapman was fortunate that Mr. Brimmer agreed to an engagement, with the understanding that the two would be separated for at least a year. Minna was hustled off to Europe, and Chapman went home to New York, to continue his law studies as a clerk in the firm of Jay and Candler, continuance at Harvard being out of the question.

It is not an exaggeration to say that in some sense Chapman devoted the remainder of his life to a kind of continuous assessment of the meaning of this fantastic experience. Almost all of his writing deals in one way or another with the problem of discipline and freedom, from his early study of Emerson to his final book, *Lucian, Plato, and Greek Morals.* His behavior from this time forward is marked by his heroic effort to secure self-mastery; and though he never perhaps succeeded in reducing all of his passions to complete submission, and even once or twice in later life dramatically burst his self-imposed chains, he never again committed an ignoble or a consciously selfish act. His maimed arm served him as an inescap-

[3] Howe, *John Jay Chapman and His Letters,* 59-60.

able symbol of the folly of pride and extreme conduct. His life was to be devoted to the interests and welfare of his fellow human beings. His methods were often, if not usually, markedly individualistic and sometimes rude, but no one ever impugned his motives, and in the end he achieved a serenity and humility which charmed everyone who knew him. The sickness of mind which had caused his terrible act recurred in middle life to plague him unmercifully, and he was still to undergo more than a man's normal share of suffering, but he developed after the events of 1887 a strength of character which was more than sufficient to meet his destiny. In a great passage on sickness in one of his later books he speaks of a sick child, in words that apply to himself: "Happy being, and one that is paying a light toll now for what grown men wreck their lives to learn—submission."[4]

II

In 1889 Chapman was admitted to the New York Bar, at which he made his living for the next ten years. In the same year he was married to Minna Timmins. He had no financial resources other than his earnings, and, much as he hated the law, he was forced to work hard at it to support his family. His inclination was toward literature, but he had little time for sustained writing, nor, as yet, any very clear notion of the direction he wished to follow. His first published work included a comic dialogue called *The Two Philosophers: A Quaint Sad Comedy*, printed as a pamphlet, which caricatured Josiah Royce and a forgotten clergyman, Francis Ellingwood Abbott, who had taken Royce's place for a year when the latter was in Europe; a translation, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the fourth canto of Dante's *Inferno;* some translations from Michael Angelo; and an essay on Shakespeare's Romeo. But the stream was thin. Chapman's best energies were going into his work and into a developing interest in the politics of New

[4] *Letters and Religion* (Boston, 1924), 131.

York City. Ultimately the law, politics, and literature were to be brought together into the focus of his first (and most important) three books, which came close upon each other from 1898 to 1900. Meanwhile the young moralist and critic was trying in all earnestness to practice the teachings of Emerson, who had already become the steady inspiration of his life.

By this time he was deeply committed to the reform movement in New York politics. He helped to organize the famous "Goo-Goo" clubs, of which Lincoln Steffens has told the story in his *Autobiography*, and took an active part in agitation against Tammany Hall, as a speaker and campaign worker. Though he had himself been born into the aristocracy of wealth, he was never blind to the corrupting influence exerted by the "empire builders" upon local, state, and national politics. His experience in practical political work broadened and deepened his vision. Behind not only the personal and public corruption, but behind the stifling conventionality of middle and upper class behavior, he now saw the mighty force of commerce, feeding its insatiable appetite through the forms and rituals of democracy. It was the era of Richard Croker and Tom Platt, of the railroad tycoons, and of Standard Oil. The exalted idealism which had been generated by the Civil War had subsided, and its place had been taken by the ruthless business of material expansion. The men of principle had given way to the men of finance and industry and commerce. The sad day in which opinion must conform, or be stifled, lest it prejudice business advancement, was well into its morning. Chapman remembered the reports of de Tocqueville and Harriet Martineau upon the America of the generation before the war. "... the subservience to opinion at that time seemed a sort of mania." Miss Martineau had written, and de Tocqueville had asserted that "freedom of opinion does not exist in America." Chapman concluded that the same deadening atmosphere was once more descending over the country like a fog, though for different reasons. Political reform was not enough. There must be reform, too, in religion, in literature,

in the fine arts. Agitation, however laudable the end in view, and however broad, was not enough. Someone was needed who should pierce and probe, without fear, until the cause of the disease itself was discovered. It would require all, or most, of the people to effect the cure; but an individual like himself might show how it was to be done. After all, had not Emerson long before told us that in the individual is the source of all truth, and all social health?

It was such meditations as these which led him to take up Emerson with a fresh earnestness of purpose and which found expression in the title essay of his first book, *Emerson and Other Essays,* and the two more generalized volumes which followed, *Causes and Consequences* and *Practical Agitation.* "I have been reading and writing and sleeping Emerson," he wrote in the fall of 1896, "I never have been in such a trance of work—both law and this essay—nor so glad I began anything. I had forgotten how great a spirit he was, and he is the cure and antidote of all the ills of this country. He is a seer and prophet if one ever lived, and he is our own. He writes our domestic dialect. The rest are Britannia ware and French kid."[5] The essay upon which he was working was completed late in 1896 and published in two installments of the *Atlantic Monthly* in January and February, 1897. Walter Hines Page, then editor of the *Atlantic,* had suggested it after his attention had been called to Chapman's work by Mrs. Whitman of Boston. It is at once primary and central among Chapman's writings, and deserves to be reviewed at length, both for its importance as an expression of Chapman's life and thought and for its own intrinsic merit. The piece has usually been neglected by students of Emerson and is little known to the general public, yet it is among the best things we have on Emerson, and one of the soundest and liveliest critical and appreciative essays yet written in the United States.[6]

[5] Howe, *John Jay Chapman and His Letters,* 77.

[6] This view is shared by Professor Robert Shafer, who included the essay in his *American Literature* (1926).

Chapman begins with a striking quotation from *The Conduct of Life,* which sets forth what he considered the leading idea in Emerson and the thesis of the essay:

> Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience.

Chapman translates Emerson's characteristic rhetoric into his own terms as follows:

> The unending warfare between the individual and society shows us in each generation a poet or two, a dramatist or a musician who exalts and deifies the individual, and leads us back again to the only object which is really worthy of enthusiasm or which can permanently excite it,—the character of a man. It is surprising to find this identity of content in all great deliverances. The only thing we really admire is personal liberty. Those who fought for it and those who enjoyed it are our heroes.[7]

Emerson, it follows, is one of our heroes, since he fought for it. He "represents a protest against the tyranny of democracy." Emerson came to maturity in precisely the period of America's spiritual illness noted by de Tocqueville and Miss Martineau, and Chapman sketches swiftly the chief outlines of those times, roughly from 1820 to 1840.

> The South was a plantation. The North crooked the hinges of the

[7] *Emerson and Other Essays* (New York, 1898), 4.

knee where thrift might follow fawning. It was the era of Martin Chuzzlewit, a malicious caricature,—founded on fact. This time of humiliation, when there was no free speech, no literature, little manliness, nor reality, no simplicity, no accomplishment, was the era of American brag. We flattered the foreigner and we boasted of ourselves. We were over-sensitive, insolent, and cringing.[8]

These were the years in which Emerson came to manhood, entered upon and abandoned his short-lived ministry, and departed for his first year in England and Europe. He was filling his mind with the idealism of the Greeks and the new romanticism of the English and German men of letters, gathering and sifting the ideas which were set forth in 1836 in his first book, the finely articulated, poetical, rhapsodic, idealistic meditations which he called *Nature*. Chapman is generally in sympathy with this little book and praises it for the right reasons.

But there is a slight note of impatience, as if Chapman were anxious to get on to the main business. For it is not the ethereal philosopher in whom he is chiefly interested. When Chapman's Emerson finally appears upon the stage, against the dismal backdrop of the 1830's, he is reciting "The American Scholar" and "The Divinity School Address," and he is in character. His part is that of belated prophet to William Lloyd Garrison.

The activity of William Lloyd Garrison, the man of action, preceded by several years that of Emerson, who is his prophet. Both of them were parts of one revolution. One of Emerson's articles of faith was that a man's thoughts spring from his actions rather than his actions from his thoughts, and possibly the same thing holds good for society at large. Perhaps all truths, whether moral or economic, must be worked out in real life before they are discovered by the student, and it was therefore necessary that Garrison should be evolved earlier than Emerson.[9]

When he is seen in this character the drama of Emerson's life and work (as of Chapman's essay) must find its climax when,

[8] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 9-10.

[9] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 13.

nearing the age of fifty and with all of his most famous writings done, he is aroused from the contentment of his Concord life to join comradely hands with the Abolitionists and even to take the field in single combat with Daniel Webster. This, certainly, is not the Emerson we have read about in the biographies and the textbooks. Yet I cannot help thinking that this Emerson, as Chapman draws him, is truer and more powerful and, in a practical sense, more useful than any we have found elsewhere in the library of criticism.

Turning now to "The American Scholar," Chapman agrees with Dr. Holmes that it is "our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

> Emerson has left behind him nothing stronger than this address, . . . It was the first application of his views to the events of his day, written and delivered in the heat of early manhood while his extraordinary powers were at their height. It moves with a logical progression of which he soon lost the habit. The subject of it, the scholar's relation to the world, was the passion of his life.[10]

The famous address at the Harvard Divinity School, which so shocked the leaders of the church, continues the application of Emerson's idealism to the practical life about him. Chapman finds it hard to believe that the authorities of the Divinity School could have paid much heed to "The American Scholar," else they would never have invited him. Both speeches are directed against society as a whole, only firing at different angles. And Chapman is right in supposing that Emerson was "not unconscious of what function he was performing."

These pieces and all the early essays and lectures, many of which were delivered before groups of young people, have a single theme—the dignity and creativity of the individual human spirit as antidote to the stultifying pressures of society and convention. In most accounts of Emerson this phase of his work culminates in the great essay on "Self-Reliance," but as Chapman reads him it is the lecture on "The Conservative" which sums up the others and carries the greatest force. "Hard-

[10] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 17.

ly," he says, "can such a brilliant statement be found elsewhere in literature." And he quotes this memorable and uncomfortable passage:

> The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he ought to be; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction, and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessity, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and pap-spoon, swallowing pills and herb tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue.[11]

Such words were directly suited to Chapman's purpose, and he quotes effectively from numerous other essays and lectures in which the point is made. He is not content to make a fresh estimate of a revered American writer. He is making use of him as a sharp-edged weapon in his own reform campaigns. In a year or two he will be striking the same blows with his own fists, boldly assuming the character of Emerson for his own generation. But for the moment he is playing the rôle of evangelist; and the gospel is moral courage. Emerson's works are all "one single attack on the vice of the age, moral cowardice."

He assails it not by railings and scorn, but by positive and stimulating suggestion. The imagination of the reader is touched by every device which can awake the admiration for heroism, the consciousness of moral courage. Wit, quotation, anecdote, eloquence, exhortation, rhetoric, sarcasm, and very rarely denunciation, are launched at the reader, till he feels little lambent flames beginning to kindle in him. He is perhaps unable to see the exact logical connection between two paragraphs of an essay, yet he feels they are germane. He takes up Emerson tired and apathetic, but presently he feels himself growing heady and truculent, strengthened in his

[11] Quoted in *Emerson and Other Essays*, 26. The whole lecture is particularly trenchant in view of the current state of American politics.

most inward vitality, surprised to find himself again master in his own house.[12]

But Chapman does not allow his political application of all this to interfere with his literary judgment, and as he approaches the midpoint of his essay he turns directly to literary considerations. In passages such as these, Chapman shows not only a first-rate perception of the characteristic qualities of Emerson's style but inadvertently gives a good account of his own style and value as a man of letters:

> His style is American, and beats with the pulse of the climate. He is the only writer we have had who writes as he speaks, who makes no literary parade, has no pretensions of any sort. He is the only writer we have had who has wholly subdued his vehicle to his temperament. It is impossible to name his style without naming his character: they are one thing.

If Chapman's analysis has at this point a weakness worth noting it lies in his account of Emerson's failure in the logical construction of his lectures and essays. Chapman sees well enough how much of this is to be attributed to his manner of platform delivery and his habit of piecing together his essays from his journals. But he does not fully see that there is a kind of literary logic in Emerson which transcends formal articulation of parts into wholes. If they are not made in accordance with the strict rules of rhetoric, Emerson's essays are none the less easy to diagram. Each of them has a central theme which is reiterated now in one key or mood or application, now in another. The various paragraphs are like the radii of a circle. They do not touch each other, yet they meet at the center. When they are read with such a picture in mind, they have an artistry scarcely matched in American prose. And despite the fears which he records in his journal (quoted by Chapman himself), that his logical weakness may vitiate his effect, it is certain that this aphoristic and radial structure was the result of highly conscious effort. If Chapman was too seriously intent

[12] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 29.

upon Emerson's meaning fully to grasp this subtlety of his art, it is easy to forgive him. For no one has read his works with clearer insight into their moral and practical implications, nor interpreted his character with more persuasive understanding and conviction. And it is, after all, Emerson's character which counts most, as Matthew Arnold long ago pointed out. "His effectiveness," Chapman says,

comes from his character; not from his philosophy, nor from his rhetoric nor his wit, nor from any of the accidents of his education. He might never have heard of Berkeley or Plato. A slightly different education might have led him to throw his teaching into the form of historical essays or of stump speeches. He might, perhaps, have been bred a stone-mason, and have done his work in the world by travelling with a panorama. But he would always have been Emerson. His weight and his power would always have been the same. It is solely as character that he is important. He discovered nothing; he bears no relation whatever to the history of philosophy. We must regard him and deal with him simply as a man.[13]

In Emerson's attitude toward the Civil War, Chapman finds his thesis demonstrated. "Not a boy in the land welcomed the outbreak of the war so fiercely as did this shy village philosopher, then at the age of fifty-eight. He saw that war was the cure for cowardice, moral as well as physical. . . . It was the cause of character against convention."[14] But it is precisely in this preoccupation with character which he so heartily approves, that Chapman finds one of Emerson's two great weaknesses:

We miss in Emerson the underlying conception of growth, of development, so characteristic of the thought of our own day, . . . To Emerson, character is rather an entity complete and eternal from the beginning. He is probably the last great writer to look at life from a stationary standpoint. There is a certain lack of historic sense in all he has written. The ethical assumption that all men are exactly alike permeates his work.[15]

[13] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 35-36.

[14] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 41.

[15] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 43.

This weakness did not vitiate his treatment of moral problems or his understanding of the classics as he used them for illustration of moral convictions. In fact there is, as Chapman says, a charm in his "familiar dealing with antiquity. The classics are thus domesticated and made real to us. What matter if Aesop appear a little too much like an American citizen, so long as his points tell?"[16] But a man whose historic sense is undeveloped is likely to be a defective student and critic of the fine arts.

> . . . Emerson has never in his life felt the normal appeal of any painting, or any sculpture, or any architecture, or any music. These things, of which he does not know the meaning in real life, he yet uses, and uses constantly, as symbols to convey ethical truths. The result is that his books are full of blind places, like the notes which will not strike on a sick piano.[17]

The exception is the art of poetry, as exemplified in Emerson's own practice and in his criticism of Shakespeare in *Representative Men*. Chapman recognizes this and pays tribute to that chapter and to the whole book, as he concludes the first half of his essay.

The major portion of the second installment of his "Emerson," Chapman devotes to a trenchant analysis of the weakness of character and thought which Emerson shared with his contemporaries, until he is ready to state his judgment of Emerson's worth in full perspective. But first he wishes to show his hero at what he thinks was the pinnacle of his greatness.

Emerson was slow to take up the cause of abolition. He was naturally a retiring man, much given to solitude and meditation. And his own theory of reform, as Chapman well says, was antipathetic to all organized movements. His belief was that lasting progress can arise only from the reform of individuals. Hence there is something self-defeating in all association. Something of the best and strongest in each nature must be surrendered in the interests of a cause. He did sympathize

[16] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 43-44.

[17] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 45.

deeply with many of the reform agitations of his time, but he would not join them. He was the chief inspiration of the Transcendentalists, but he took no part in their schemes. He loved Ripley and Alcott, but he foresaw that Brook Farm and Fruitlands would be failures; and he remained at home in Concord.

But his sympathy for the greatest of reforms, the abolition of slavery, was finally converted into passionate action by what he thought was the treason of Daniel Webster. This is the great point of Chapman's story, and I give it in his own words:

> It was the defection of Daniel Webster that completed the conversion of Emerson and turned him from an adherent into a propagandist of abolition. Not pity for the slave, but indignation at the violation of the Moral Law by Daniel Webster, was at the bottom of Emerson's anger. His abolitionism was secondary to his main mission, his main enthusiasm. It is for this reason that he stands on a plane of intellect where he might, under other circumstances, have met and defeated Webster. After the 7th of March, 1850, he recognized in Webster the embodiment of all that he hated. In his attacks on Webster, Emerson trembles to his inmost fibre with antagonism. He is savage, destructive, personal, bent on death.
>
> This exhibition of Emerson as a fighting animal is magnificent, and explains his life. There is no other instance of his ferocity. No other nature but Webster's ever so moved him; but it was time to be moved, and Webster was a man of his size. Had these two great men of New England been matched in training as they were matched in endowment, and had they then faced each other in debate, they would not have been found to differ so greatly in power. Their natures were electrically repellent, but from which did the greater force radiate? Their education differed so radically that it is impossible to compare them, but if you translate the Phi Beta Kappa address into politics, you have something stronger than Webster,—something that recalls Chatham; and Emerson would have had this advantage,—that he was not afraid. As it was, he left his library and took the stump.

After several quotations from Emerson's speeches on Aboli-

tion, particularly the Fugitive Slave Law, Chapman continues:

> The thing to be noted is that this is the same man, in the same state of excitement about the same idea, who years before spoke out in The American Scholar, in the Essays, and in the Lectures. What was it that had aroused in Emerson such Promethean antagonism in 1837 but those same forces which in 1850 came to their culmination and assumed visible shape in the person of Daniel Webster? The formal victory of Webster drew Emerson into the arena, and made a dramatic episode in his life. But his battle with those forces had begun thirteen years earlier, when he threw down the gauntlet to them in his Phi Beta Kappa oration. Emerson by his writings did more than any other man to rescue the youth of the next generation and fit them for the fierce times to follow. It will not be denied that he sent ten thousand sons to the war.[18]

These passages are in a sense the climax to Chapman's essay. This is the Emerson he wishes to bring to the attention of his fellow citizens of the '90's. This is the lesson of courage and integrity that he wishes to teach and that he is trying to practice in his own life among the reformers of New York City. Shortly he will restate the matter in the dramatic terms of his own experience, and in his *Practical Agitation* he will read his reform colleagues a lecture on the fatal mistake of underrating the power of the individual or of supposing that weak individuals can make a strong cause by banding together. If he were only the first-class pamphleteer which he was, he would have left Emerson at this point, adding perhaps a rhetorical peroration. But Chapman has no intention of shirking his responsibilities. There is one whole side of Emerson which, however he might wish to ignore it, is of primary importance and, in all honesty, must be condemned. It is the opposite face of the coin.

For Emerson was narrow and incomplete. Like many another great man, his strength arose in part from a dangerous excess. His fundamental sweetness of temperament saved him

[18] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 52-53, 57.

from fanaticism, as Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, his spiritual ancestors, had not been saved. But he carried his insistence upon the Moral Law and self-sufficiency too far, and for this reason he is open to attack on the very ground on which he himself, like Hawthorne, hated the Puritans. This fault he shared with the Transcendentalists.

This aenemic incompleteness of Emerson's character can be traced to the philosophy of his race; at least it can be followed in that philosophy. There is an implication of a fundamental falsehood in every bit of Transcendentalism, including Emerson. That falsehood consists in the theory of the self-sufficiency of each individual, men and women alike.[19]

The lower register of sensations and emotions which domesticate a man into fellowship with common life was weak. Genial familiarity was to him impossible; laughter was almost a pain.[20]

Chapman is so right in this matter that one is tempted to urge him on. I am reminded of a revealing passage in Emerson's *Journals* which Chapman might have found useful. The occasion was a reunion of Emerson's Harvard class:

The whole mass of college nonsense came back in a flood; each resumed his old place. I too resumed my old place, and found myself, as of old, an amused spectator rather than a fellow. I drank a good deal of wine (for me), with the wish to raise my spirits to the pitch of good-fellowship; but wine produced on me its old effect, and I grew grave with every glass. Indignation and eloquence will excite me, but wine does not.[21]

This thin-blooded over-intellectualism rendered Emerson a poor student of many things. Chapman chooses as his chief example the famous essay on "Love." The trouble with this essay is that there is no life in it. Emerson writes of marriage itself with a kind of suspicion. It is only a moral union, the success of which is determined by character. If he suspects that

[19] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 72.

[20] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 76.

[21] Quoted in James Elliot Cabot, *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1887), I, 69.

men and women may be drawn together by passion, he thinks it good taste to ignore it. Chapman, himself a man of intense and passionate nature, has difficulty in controlling his temper when he comes to this topic.

> We are all so concerned that a man who writes about love shall tell the truth that if he chance to start from premises which are false or mistaken, his conclusions will appear not merely false, but offensive. It makes no matter how exalted the personal character of the writer may be. Neither sanctity nor intellect nor moral enthusiasm, though they be intensified to the point of incandescence, can make up for a want of nature.[22]

In a moment the anger is abated and ironic scorn takes its place. There follows a stroke of wit which ought to find a place in the copybooks of all students of American culture.

> If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there are two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin.[23]

Chapman's account of Emerson's poetry, which forms the next section of the essay, is adequate but less original, following closely the judgments of Matthew Arnold, even to adducing the same quotations.

The whole has now been sketched in. It remains only to appraise its value, and Chapman is at his best in his concluding pages. Once more he recalls the times in which Emerson flourished, and the enemy he was attacking:

> We know the disadvantage under which these Humanists of ours worked. The shadow of the time in which they wrote hangs over us still. The conservatism and timidity of our politics and of our literature today are due in part to that fearful pressure which for sixty years [we might read a hundred and ten] was never lifted

[22] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 81.

[23] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 83.

from the souls of Americans. That conservatism and timidity may be seen in all our past. They are in the rhetoric of Webster and in the style of Hawthorne. They killed Poe. They created Bryant.[24]

Once more he drives home the application of his subject:

Much of what Emerson wrote about the United States in 1850 is true of the United States today. It would be hard to find a civilized people who are more timid, more cowed in spirit, more illiberal, than we. It is easy today for the educated man who has read Bryce and Tocqueville to account for the mediocrity of American literature. The merit of Emerson was that he felt the atmospheric pressure without knowing its reason.[25]

Emerson himself was the only man of his times who consistently and utterly expressed himself, never measuring himself for a moment with the ideals of others, never troubling himself for a moment with what literature was or how literature should be created. The other men of his epoch, and among whom he lived, believed that literature was a very desirable article, a thing you could create if you were only smart enough. But Emerson had no literary ambition. He cared nothing for belles-lettres. The consequence is that he stands above his age like a colossus. While he lived his figure could be seen from Europe towering like Atlas over the culture of the United States.[26]

Finally, as a sort of coda, Chapman restates his main thesis, bringing his essay to a finely rounded conclusion:

If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson. . . .

While the radicals of Europe were revolting in 1848 against the abuses of a tyranny whose roots were in feudalism, Emerson, the great radical of America, the arch-radical of the world, was revolting against the evils whose roots were in universal suffrage. By showing the identity in essence of all tyranny, and by bringing back the attention of political thinkers to its starting-point, the value of the human character, he has advanced the political

[24] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 100.

[25] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 103.

[26] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 105.

thought of the world by one step. He has pointed out for us in this country to what end our efforts must be bent.[27]

The many extracts which I have given here provide, I think, abundant justification for so lengthy a review of Chapman's "Emerson." Seldom in American literature has anyone written with such vigor and conviction about a classic author. The reasons are clear enough. Chapman was trying, with Emerson's help, to understand the problems of social stagnation and corruption in the reform of which he was engrossed. At the same time Emerson served him well as a source of inspiration in his struggle to maintain moral courage in the face of deadly social pressures. For him Emerson was not merely a writer, but a prophet and a seer whose wisdom could be applied in ordinary life. He was like a father, whose faults could be seen in clear perspective, but whose genius was a living force. Chapman's own gift of style enabled him to illuminate Emerson's. His passionate nature, held under a kind of tense moderation only by great effort of will, led him to write of Emerson almost as though he were speaking of his own hopes and convictions. Chapman, at the age of thirty-five, was himself burning with the fire kindled by "The American Scholar." And it is the measure and quality of his masterly essay that he seems never to have thought of Emerson as a revered sage among the honored dead, but rather as a contemporary who was already living.

III

During the last three years of the 1890's Chapman gave more and more of his time to practical politics—organizing, speaking, electioneering and writing propaganda. He was optimistic and tireless and, no doubt, somewhat naïve. But he stuck always to principle and could not bring himself to ask others to undertake labors in which he did not himself bear a heavy share.

[27] *Emerson and Other Essays*, 106-108.

The climax of his career in reform politics came with the New York gubernatorial campaign of 1898 in which he played a minor but important rôle. He was one of a small group of reformers who persuaded Theodore Roosevelt, then just home in triumph from the wars in Cuba, to run for governor on an Independent as well as the regular Republican ticket. Chapman was actually on the train to Oyster Bay for a conference with Roosevelt when the news came that he had declined to run as an Independent at, what everyone knew, was the insistence of Tom Platt, the Republican boss. This repudiation of a promise struck Chapman like a blow in the face. He found he could not get a return train to New York until the next day, and so spent the evening arguing with Roosevelt with a bitterness which brought a prolonged rupture between the two men.

Chapman had already attacked Roosevelt upon his resignation as Police Commissioner, feeling, as he wrote to his wife, "that I was going to live thirty years in this town with Roosevelt, and the only way with such a man is to be right behind him with a club."[28] On this occasion, Chapman had directed his attack through the columns of *The Political Nursery*, a journal which appeared more or less regularly from March, 1897, to January, 1901. Of Roosevelt's resignation he wrote, in the acid manner typical of *The Nursery*, "He was false to his character as a fighter only in this, that he threw up the sponge eight months before time was called, and left the field to the knave who betrayed him and the fool who opposed him. We will not accept from Theodore Roosevelt the excuse for not staying of 'cui bono.' His departure was the cowardly act of a brave man."[29] Roosevelt took this whiplashing with a smile, and Chapman forgave him. But when he turned renegade to the Independent movement in the election of 1898, it was too much.

Chapman's reaction to this apostasy was not unlike that of his hero, Emerson, when Daniel Webster made his seventh-of-

[28] Howe, *John Jay Chapman and His Letters*, 134.

[29] Howe, *John Jay Chapman and His Letters*, 133-134.

March speech. Chapman, seriously tired from overwork, his nervous constitution scarcely recovered from the shock of his first wife's death, now plunged himself with still greater effort into the futile campaign for Theodore Bacon. After that failure his political interest broadened until, by 1900, it embraced the idea of a national reform party. His new wife, Elizabeth Chanler, whom he had married in April, 1898, was increasingly disturbed by his growing nervous tension. In the winter of 1899, she succeeded in getting him to spend most of the year in England. But on his return he immediately took up the reform crusade. He was now travelling about the country with the hope of forming a national third party. In the election of 1900, he particularly interested himself in an attempt to persuade Donelson Caffery of Louisiana and Archibald Howe of Massachusetts to head a third ticket. His failure was so discouraging that he faced the winter of 1900-1901 in an alarming physical and nervous condition. Finally, when he was seized by an attack of grippe, he collapsed, shattered in both body and mind. His gradual recovery; his growing spiritual serenity; his literary and religious studies, in the after years of a long life, form a moving tale.

It was during these hectic years that he wrote his powerful books on politics and morality—*Causes and Consequences* and *Practical Agitation*. The central thesis of these books is already clear in his "Emerson." But Emerson has moved into the background. It is Chapman who speaks now, in his own name; and something of his special interest needs to be suggested here.

The chief enemy of public morality, and hence of honest politics, Chapman thinks, is money—money as an end in itself. "Misgovernment in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce," is the opening sentence of *Causes and Consequences*. Yet he is certain that man is also an unselfish animal. The solution is to be found, not in movements and organizations, but in the remaking of the individual human character. Men will reform themselves if they are told the truth. The greatest of human weaknesses is intellectual dis-

honesty. Men move and think in an atmosphere of stifling convention in which controversial subjects are not mentioned for fear of jeopardizing business. Intellect—except as a tool for making money—morality, and, with them, culture, become moribund. In all its aspects save finance and trade, life becomes an aimless, stupid drifting. The American man is a sickly automaton. Yet he is susceptible to shock. Let the truth be spoken, especially upon occasions when it will embarrass somebody. The more people who are made uncomfortable the better. The poisonous cause is dishonesty, intellectual and financial; the consequence is the disease of corruption, in business and government, and an ailing culture. The only antidote is honesty.

There is something you want to do, and the "practical man" is the man who knows the ropes, knows who is the proper person to be "seen." The slang word gives a picture of the times—to "see" a man means to bribe him. . . . Honesty is the greatest luxury in the world, and the Americans look with awe on the man who can afford it, or insists upon having it. It is right that he should pay for it.

The long and short of the matter is that the sudden creation of wealth in the United States has been too much for our people. We are personally dishonest. The people of the United States are notably and peculiarly dishonest in financial matters.

The effect of this on government is but one of the forms in which the ruling passion is manifest. "What is there in it for me?" is the state of mind in which our people have been existing. Out of this come the popular philosophy, the social life, the architecture, the letters, the temper of the age; all tinged with the passion.[30]

Again

Mere financial dishonesty is of very little importance in the history of civilization. Who cares whether Caesar stole or Caesar Borgia cheated? Their intellects stayed clear. The real evil that follows in the wake of a commercial dishonesty so general as ours is the intellectual dishonesty it generates. One need not mind steal-

[30] *Causes and Consequences* (New York, 1898), 53-55.

ing, but one must cry out at people whose minds are so befuddled that they do not know theft when they see it. Robert Walpole bought votes. He deceived others, but he did not deceive himself. . . . The American is incapable of taking a real interest in anything. The lack of passion in the American—noticeable in his books and in himself—comes from the same habitual mental distraction; for passion is concentration. Hence also the flippancy, superficiality, and easy humor for which we are noted. Nothing except the dollar is believed to be worthy the attention of a serious man. People are even ashamed of their tastes. Until recently we thought it effeminate for a man to play on the piano. When a man takes a living interest in anything, we call him a "crank." There is an element of self-sacrifice in any honest intellectual work which we detect at once and score with contumely.[31]

Such a state of affairs is to be met only with increasing doses of truth. The great truth is that man is not merely a bundle of greedy appetites, but an animal with instincts outreaching toward beauty and benevolence—unselfishness. From Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten movement, Chapman takes new statements and applications of ancient wisdom:

The division of the old ethics into egoism and altruism receives the sanction of science. The turning of the attention upon selfish ends, no matter how remote nor how momentary, hurts the organism, contracts the intellect, dries up the emotions, and is felt as unhappiness. The turning of the attention toward public aims benefits the organism, enlarges the intellect, and is felt as happiness. There is no complexity possible, for any mixed motive is a selfish motive.

All the virtues are different names for the injunction of self-mastery, by which the internal struggle is made more severe, and the force cooped in and controlled until it is released in the functioning of the whole man.[32]

This is certainly a psychological dualism, but, despite the authors of the *Cambridge History of American Literature,* it is

[31] *Causes and Consequences,* 66.

[32] *Causes and Consequences,* 110.

not such a dualism as the humanists of the genteel tradition defended. To them the nature of man is a thing divided into lower and higher powers. The lower is perhaps merely neutral in itself but issues in evil when unchecked. Self-mastery is conceived as negative. The spirit or will must constantly strive to humanize the brute in man; the beast must be kept in the jungle. To Chapman it is not a question of restraining so much as directing the energies and appetites. For the egoistic principle is only the other aspect of the altruistic. Chapman's dualism is positive. There is about it no trace of the ancient Puritan fear of original sin which haunted Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. The deepest desires of men are unselfish; asocial appetition is superficial; benevolence is the fundamental inclination.

> The human organism responds in kind. Strike a man and he strikes, sneer and he sneers, forget and he forgets. If you wish to convince him that you are right, concede that from his point of view he is right, then move the point and he follows. If you keep your temper in teaching a child, you teach him to keep his temper, and this is more important than his lesson.[33]

Chapman's psychology owes something to William James's theory of instincts, much to Froebel's observations of young children, and more to Emerson; but in the main it is a *literary* psychology stemming from the Christian tradition. The all-pervading influence of science has led us in recent decades to look with suspicion upon all such literary constructions. Yet the so-called "scientific" psychology of the laboratory and the clinic have hardly stirred our imagination or much moved us to serious reform of personality. And it may be that it is precisely the appeal of literature which is now needed. The psychology of contemporary fiction offers little help. When our reviewers praise it most highly as "socially significant" or "important," it turns out upon examination to be most nearly a transcript of clinical experience with complexes and malad-

[33] *Causes and Consequences*, 110.

justments. The remedy suggested will fall into one of two easily recognized patterns: adjustment to things as they are by learning to see special limitations imposed upon the individual by his environment, or revolutionary rejection of things as they are in favor of some economic or political nostrum of collectivism. In any event, we are told that we must either accept the world's evils as inevitable products of nature and social organization, or remove them all at once by revolutionary transformation of environment. What is most striking about such a state of affairs is that, for all our vaunted science, neither alternative is practical. Both cater to that deep-lying *slackness* of human nature, as Plato called it (and Emerson echoed him), which has always been the worst enemy of human progress. We escape by either of the parallel roads of rationalization. It is this which accounts for the apparently contradictory fads of psychoanalysis and Marxism among the rich and idle in America. These systems make us happy because they let us out. It is not our fault. We may blame, in the name of science, either our parents or the capitalist system for those sins which we have long ago theoretically rejected as superstitions inherited from Puritanism, but which none the less still haunt us. In the one case, we console ourselves with a prolonged immersion in the soothing waters of self-pity; in the other, we "release our energies" in agitating for a comfortably improbable revolution. All this, in Chapman's view, is cowardice. His psychology may not be scientific in our current sense, but it is something more disturbing. It is practical. Chapman was himself committed to activity; his moral convictions would not allow him to live comfortably upon either his intellectual inheritance or the fortune of his second wife. Anyone who agrees, even in part, with such views will find himself similarly committed to action, regardless of the sphere of his life.

In his third book, *Practical Agitation,* Chapman records the lessons of his career as a reformer:

We have really found out two things: first, that in order to have better government, the talk and private intelligence upon which it rests must be going forward all the time; and second, that the individual conscience, intelligence, or private will is always set free by the same process,—to wit, by the telling of truth. The identity between public and private life reveals itself the instant a man adopts the plan of indiscriminate truth-telling. He unmasks batteries and discloses wires at every dinner-party; he sees practical politics in every law office, and social influence in every convention; and wherever he is, he suddenly finds himself, by his own will or against it, a centre of forces. Let him blurt out his opinion. Instantly there follows a little flash of reality. The shams drop, and the lines of human influence, the vital currents of energy are disclosed. The only difference between a reform movement, so-called, and the private act of any man who desires to better conditions, is that the private man sets one drawing-room in a ferment by speaking his mind or by cutting his friend, and the agitator sets ten thousand in a ferment by attacking the age.[34]

It follows that reform of society logically begins with private life. Public agitation for better government is effective only as a large-scale expression of private discontents. "We shall not note our increase of virtue so much by seeing more crooks in Sing Sing, as by seeing fewer of them in the drawing-rooms."[35] But the question is, how to get them out of the drawing rooms. The only way is the direct way. Having cleared your own motives on the score of truth and sincerity, proceed to tell the truth as you see it, for always it is the truth which hurts.

Immediately the objection is raised that such behavior is Quixotic, if not merely boorish. But Chapman was not afraid of such charges. He was indeed often Quixotic and sometimes boorish. Any man who is really sincere will sometimes offend, and sometimes his individualism will seem futile. But there is no sanctity in good manners when they result in ignoring real evils. And the individual, unaided, can do much. He can be a practical agitator:

[34] *Practical Agitation* (New York, 1900), 43-44.

[35] *Practical Agitation*, 46.

You yourself cannot turn Niagara; but there is not a town in America where one single man cannot make his force felt against the whole torrent. He takes a stand on a practical matter. He takes action against some abuse. What does this accomplish? Everything. How many people are there in your town? Well, everyone of them gets a thrill that strikes deeper than any sermon he ever heard. He may howl, but he hears. The grocer's boy, for the first time in his life, believes that the whole outfit of morality has any place in the practical world. . . . It is the personal influence of example that is the power. Nothing else counts. You can do harm by other methods, but not good. The influence is a natural force and works like steam power. Why all this commotion over your protest? If you accuse the mayor of being a thief, why does he not reply, in the words of modern philosophy, "Of course I'm a thief, I'm made that way?" Instead of that he resents it, and there ensues a discussion that takes people's attention off of trade, and qualifies the atmosphere of the place. You have appreciably relieved the tension and checked the plague.[36]

If a man finds this position attractive and is tempted to speak out in his own right, he may still be inhibited by the influence of the popular philosophy of economic determinism which was already rising in Chapman's time and is now in full ascendance. There is much logic available to support any determinism, economic or other. It can be countered only with evidence. " 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'all theory is against the freedom of the will; all experience for it.' " Chapman contents himself with observing that "The law of supply and demand does not govern the production of sonnets." At some point every man must decide this question for himself. If the behavior of men is in fact inevitably determined by conditions of environment beyond their control—economic, political, social, or what not—it is certain that Chapman's view is nonsense. On the other hand, if men do in fact have a measure of free choice, the time is now more than ripe for a trial of Chapman's philosophy. Indeed, it may reasonably be doubted whether, in view of the probable disaster of atomic warfare, the determi-

[36] *Practical Agitation*, 58-59.

nistic view has quite the attraction for ordinary men in these days that it had before the Second World War. We have had much fine talk of individual human dignity and individual freedom. It may be that the necessary uses of organization have too far obscured the imperative need, in organizations themselves, for individual action. As I have observed earlier, the great value of Chapman for our time lies not so much in his particular teachings as in his being a spokesman for the individualistic tradition, his carrying on of the faith and vitality of Emerson. It is in the language of Emerson that he generalizes his view of reform and progress:

> If you want a compass at any moment in the midst of some difficult situation, you have only to say to yourself, "Life is larger than this little imbroglio. I shall follow my instinct." As you say this, your compass swings true. You may be surprised to find what course it points to. But what it tells you to do will be practical agitation.[37]

Such a view implies an act of great faith, faith in what Chapman here calls "instinct" and elsewhere the "non-self-regardant impulse." But in view of the increasing horrors of war, and the revolutions led by men of easy promises, it seems not unreasonable to think of such an act of faith in the terms of Pascal's wager. If we are mistaken we can scarcely be worse off; if we are right we may have a decent world.

[37] *Practical Agitation*, 66.

UNGODLY CARRIAGES ON CAPE COD

GUSTAVUS SWIFT PAINE

IN the first half of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Nathaniel Stone of Harwich (Brewster) had more influence on Cape Cod thinking than any other man. Firm in Calvinist piety, he fought against the Rev. Samuel Osborn of Pochet in Eastham (Orleans) from 1718 to 1738. After two decades of this remarkable controversy, Mr. Stone had Mr. Osborn removed. Then there were other developments.

Nathaniel Stone was graduated in 1690 from Harvard, where he was "of note chiefly for petty offences committed with surprising regularity."[1] In 1700 Harwich, organizing its church with eight members, made him its first pastor. He was sure "the ministry of Christ's appointment is ever to be devolved on superior persons from the foundation of the church," persons "distinguishingly qualified." Superior and distinguishingly qualified because he was a Harvard man, he was of God's elect among the foremost. Throughout his Cape pastorate of fifty-five years, he acted as if he were a bishop.

Some opposed his arrogance. Quaker John Hammett wrote: "The prophets themselves were so far from ascribing their prophetic qualifications to a collegiate education that they wholly ascribe it to the spirit of God." If Nathaniel Stone "were a true minister of the gospel, endowed with humility and mortifying his pride, self-conceitedness, and ambition, he would not so often sound the trumpet of his own fame, and self-commendation, and so often court and persuade people to reverence and admire him."[2] Cotton Mather called him a "wilful, furious, wretched minister," with "always grievous ways of embroiling the peace of the churches."[3]

[1] *Sibley's Harvard Graduates* (Cambridge, 1933), IV, 79.

[2] John Hammett, *A Printed Sheet of Paper, Intitled, Caution to Erring Christians, Relating to the Ministry, by Nathaniel Stone . . . 1735* (Boston, 1738), *Replied to by John Hammett, Jamestown A. C. 1736.* (Printed 1739), 4, 5, 9, 31.

[3] *Massachusetts Historical Society Collections*, Series VII, Volume VIII (Cotton Mather's diary), 750, 759, and especially 813-915, where in a letter to Rev. Rowland Cotton he discusses the Stone-Osborn conflict.

Mr. Stone's theology, to which most Brewster people perforce subjected themselves, was sour. "Fallen mankind lies before God as a company of dead, stinking, rotting carcasses, and He will breathe life and put the treasures of grace into which of them He pleaseth. . . . Unbelief will be punished with a perdition with an aggravation. . . . Unpardoned persons have in them the guilt of actual sins. When they come to be capable of acting, original corruption breaks forth in them into act."[4] Fixed theology had no room for real inquiry.

He had no authority to interfere with any other church. To the northeast, the nearest church was at Eastham. There, March 18, 1717, amid huge snowdrifts, the "learned, pious, and faithful" Rev. Samuel Treat died.[5] For a year Eastham looked around for a new pastor. First it invited the Rev. William Hubbard, who declined. Though apparently Mr. Stone had no candidate, he was suspicious of his neighbors.

Probably through the somewhat liberal Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich, the Eastham brethren approached Samuel Osborn, who had been several years the Sandwich schoolmaster. Now at Plymouth, he preached occasionally when the Rev. Ephraim Little was away. Schoolmasters often become ministers. Several questions arose about Mr. Osborn's fitness. East-

[4] Nathaniel Stone, *A Very Brief Account of the Wretched State of Man by the Fall* (Boston, 1731), 135, 101, 22.

[5] Enoch Pratt, *A Comprehensive History . . . of Eastham, Wellfleet, and Orleans* (Yarmouth, 1844). Other accounts are in William Allen, *An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary* (Cambridge, 1809), and Josiah Paine, *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers* (Yarmouthport, 1914), which speaks of the Hubbard call, as does Alfred Alder Doane, *The Doane Family* (Boston, 1902). For Osborn's teaching in Sandwich see items from Sandwich records in C. C. P. Waterman, "The History of Sandwich, Mass.," *Barnstable Patriot*, beginning July 3, 1883, 105-110 in a reprint.

Osborn stated his version of the whole controversy in *A Church of Christ Vindicated* (Boston, 1724), *The Case and Complaint of Mr. Samuel Osborn* (Boston, 1743), and in passages which Stone and others quoted in their pamphlets. Stone gave his version in *The Result of a Council Held at Billingsgate in Eastham November 8, 1720* (Boston, 1720?), *The Veracity and Equity of the Members of the Council Held at Billingsgate in Eastham, Asserted and Maintained* (Boston, 1723), *A Letter to the General Convention of Ministers of Massachusetts* (Boston, 1734), and *Postscript Renouncing Communion with the Church in Pochet, on Account of the Ill Conduct of S. Osborn, the Pastor* (Boston, 1732).

ham, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Cotton and other clergymen, investigated them and decided them irrelevant. May 19, 1718, it "unanimously" called Mr. Osborn as its pastor.

Mr. Stone was aghast. He was against Mr. Osborn on four grounds: he was a stranger, he was ignorant, he had been immoral, and he was unorthodox. On these points Eastham had examined Mr. Osborn and satisfied itself. On September seventeenth, it got ready to ordain him.[6]

That morning the storm broke. Mr. Stone had not dared meddle directly in the Eastham congregation. Outside he had busily talked with individual members. Most members were for Mr. Osborn. Deviously Mr. Stone persuaded a few to become dissidents. On the ordination morning, Justice John Doane of Billingsgate (Wellfleet), twenty miles away, "delivered in a paper" to the Eastham church. It was signed by "three male and fourteen female members," hitherto aloof from the proceedings, which they now opposed. The church, agitated but determined, went ahead and ordained Mr. Osborn. Three reputable ministers, the Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich, the Rev. Joseph Metcalf of Falmouth, and the Rev. Ephraim Little of Plymouth, officiated.

In defense, Mr. Osborn and his followers attacked the malcontents with a technicality. They found it "somewhat surprising" that "a company of women should rise up at that juncture" against the church for "boldly undertaking to settle a minister without their concurrence." Women! As Mr. Osborn said, "very likely they had never read" the venerable Doctor Increase Mather's statement that, though women may contribute to a minister's maintenance, "the Apostle allows not" their voting. "Let your women keep silence in the churches." What if these mere women considered Mr. Osborn unqualified? "It's not usual for candidates for the ministry to go to women for approbation or recommendation to that great work."

[6] The quotations and paraphrases are from *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 4-6, 9, 13, 15-17, 19-21, 23.

A few days after the ordination, the males and ten of the females, who had been stumbled by it, confessed their error in signing the paper, and asked forgiveness. Through that Cape winter, Mr. Osborn and his deacons, John Paine, who made whaleboats, and Joseph Doane, who recently captured the Whidaw pirates, planned to break down the resistance of the four other females. Being called, three of the women appeared at the Eastham church June 16, 1719. With them came Josiah Oakes, later the concupiscent Billingsgate minister, and the Rev. Mr. Stone who meant to defend the feminine diehards.

Acidly dignified, the church desired the two gentlemen and the three "sisters to be in dealing" to withdraw so that it "should be together in private to concert measures for a regular proceeding." In private the members unanimously concluded it improper for Mr. Stone "without mission from his own church or call from us to be allowed to implead and interrupt us." When they threw open the door, and asked the "sisters" in, Mr. Oakes and Mr. Stone came in too. The members at once desired Mr. Stone to go out. He argued with more than his usual spleen. The members "directed" him to withdraw. "So through much difficulty we obtained his absence."

Mr. Osborn and his deacons suggested that the sisters had signed some other paper "which they might think would hurt them in case they came to any compliance." One sister pulled out a paper. "The pieces of it being gathered up appeared to be in Mr. Stone's handwriting." Most of the signers could not read. Some could write their names. Others made their marks. Mr. Stone had told them they were signing merely to promote "the gathering of a church at Billingsgate," because they lived so far from Eastham. Questioning confirmed what Mr. Osborn and his deacons assumed. Mr. Stone had inveigled these illiterate women into signing the papers, without their understanding that he was making them oppose Mr. Osborn. After the three "sisters" had "shown a great backwardness to give any answers," they admitted finally they had nothing against

Mr. Osborn, had indeed "never seen Mr. Osborn before that day." So they came to compliance.

While persuading these women, Mr. Osborn's enemies said, he "shut the doors against their husbands . . . yea kept" the women "shut up several hours under . . . chastisement." Yet one husband, Medad Atwood, did remain in the room, "directed his speech to his wife" and the other sisters, and helped them change their disturbed minds. The church declared, "notwithstanding whatever hath been published to the contrary, that in the whole time they were before the church, there was nothing of rigor, harshness, or any sort of threatening used, to extort anything from them."

That was a trying day for Mr. Stone, who fumed nearby. The revolt he had plotted was collapsing. One of the women, however, originally stumbled at Mr. Osborn's settlement, "wholly absented herself" from that disciplinary meeting. Raging, Mr. Stone knew he could depend on her. The careful records give us a curious insight into the character of Mr. Stone, who worked to "kill the very root of sin."[7] Evidently that night, after his exclusion from the dealing with the sisters, he rode home, and assuaged his tensions forthwith by passionately begetting another baby.[8]

The one woman remaining rambunctious was Hannah, niece of the stirring Rev. Peter Hobart of Hingham, and wife of Billingsgate Justice John Doane. She had been going through difficult times. At the distressing age of fifty, she had recently lost at sea a beloved son, Captain Joshua Doane, only twenty, soon after his wife, seventeen, had died.[9] Now a leg

[7] Nathaniel Stone, *Rulers are a Terror . . .* (Boston, 1720), 13.

[8] J. Gardner Bartlett, *Simon Stone Genealogy* (Boston, 1926), 66, 67. This shows that Hannah, eleventh child of Nathaniel Stone, was born March 26, 1720, and died June 7, 1720. The meeting with the "sisters" was June 16, 1719. The exact number of days that elapsed is that which some authorities give as the "normal" period of human gestation. At any rate, Stone begat this Hannah amid the fury about the "sisters."

[9] *The Doane Family*, 499, shows she was born in Hingham October 4, 1666. *Mayflower Descendant*, X, 20, shows her death September 4, 1731, in her sixty-fifth year. The same page shows that Capt. Joshua Doane, her son, was drowned

sore kept her from communicating with Mr. Osborn's church, to which she legally belonged. Though Cape men were this year making a road from Harwich through Billingsgate to Truro, she would have had to ride horseback twenty miles each way through sand.[10] At home she used her changing energy in reviling Mr. Osborn, while she eagerly abetted Mr. Stone. She was not only stumbled but outraged.

For over a year Mr. Osborn and his church endured at a distance her ranting and railing. Then, on October 22, 1720, they admonished her for "moral scandal," meaning general belligerency.[11] She requested time to give them her "mature thoughts." Two weeks later she called an ecclesiastical council to meet on November eighth at her Billingsgate house for a "hearing of the case." Theoretically any aggrieved member had a right to do that, but the Eastham church refused to go. "We were surprised that three . . . ministers and two deacons should get together in such a sudden and secret manner upon Mrs. Doane's call (a person . . . under admonition for ungodly carriage)." The council of those five, with Mr. and Mrs. Doane, reiterated the old charges against Mr. Osborn, and justified Mrs. Doane.

Thereupon the Eastham church admonished her again for "ungodly conversation." Volubly obstinate, she requested a letter of dismissal, and then rejected it as unsatisfactory. The church promptly excommunicated her, delivering her body to "Satan for the destruction of the flesh"—her leg sore was worse—"that her spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

Mrs. Doane was dismayed. She had decided to go for medical help to Boston, where her husband had for some years prospered as a distiller.[12] Now neither North nor South

November 29, 1716, aged about 20 years and 8 months, and that his wife, Mary, died July 2, 1716, aged 17 years and about 9 months.

[10] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 2; *Comprehensive History*, 60; Frederick Freeman, *Cape Cod* (Boston, 1860-1862), I, 358; and *Result of a Council Held at Billingsgate*, 39.

[11] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 25, 26, 28. For the council see *Result of a Council*, and *Veracity and Equity*.

[12] *Doane Family*, 35.

church, wherein she might "wait for further discoveries of the mind of God unto me," could admit her.

Another council met May 7, 1723, at Eastham, nearly five years after Mr. Osborn's ordination, to "give their advice upon the difficulties." This council found "just grounds" for the second admonition to Mrs. Doane, "on account of her railings."[13] It recommended, however, that the church "take off the . . . excommunication, and look upon her as a member under admonition as before." If she signed a confession left by the council for her, the church, at her request, could give her another letter of dismissal. That, leaving her accused instead of the accuser, in no way mollified Mrs. Doane. Confession! What had she to confess? She raged on to her inexorably approaching apoplectic doom.[14]

From two members of the Chatham church, Mr. Osborn got statements about those there who opposed the Rev. Joseph Lord's going to Mrs. Doane's Billingsgate council. When Mr. Lord promptly retaliated by excommunicating these two men, Mr. Osborn's church took them in, contrary to ecclesiastical rules, and encouraged them to "condemn this ordinance of God."[15]

Billingsgate got into mad physical turmoil because the Rev. Josiah Oakes had a child too soon. About the same time the Rev. Benjamin Fessenden, Sandwich successor of the "memorable" Rev. Rowland Cotton, refused to confess fornication before marriage. His church was in upheaval.[16]

[13] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 47-49. In this council were ten distinguished ministers, including Experience Mayhew who (*N. E. Gen. Reg.*, XIII, 209) was a brother-in-law of Stone.

[14] Mrs. Doane's obituary in *Boston News Letter* for September 6, 1731, tells in detail of her death from apoplexy.

[15] *Letter to the General Convention*, 1. See also William C. Smith, *History of Chatham*.

[16] *Colonial Society of Massachusetts Publications*, XXII, 235, 291. Also *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*. See also *Massachusetts Archives*, XI, 448-465. *Mayflower Descendant*, XV, 69, shows that Nathaniel Stone married Oakes and Margaret Haugh November 10, 1724, and that their daughter Hannah was born May 19, 1725, and that the church dismissed Oakes that very day. *Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay* and Wellfleet records in *Mayflower Descendant* have many items about the Oakes affair.

In speech and writing, wild, ungrammatical, and insulting, Mr. Lord of Chatham, egged on by his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Stone, insinuated that Mr. Osborn had part in these ructions.[17] When Mr. Osborn's example caused these others to sin,[18] his adherents intrigued, as if in spite, to rend the churches. The Osborn crowd hinted that Doane distillery money bribed one minister, probably the Rev. John Avery of Truro, to support the Doane-Stone cabal.[19] So it all went on, there on Cape Cod, round and round.

In that bitter, complex church fracas, Cape Codders showed tremendous endurance. Theological northeasters again and again shook the Cape: from Mr. Stone's Harwich and Mr. Osborn's Pochet to Mr. Fessenden's Sandwich, the Billingsgate of Mr. Oakes and the John Doanes, and Mr. Lord's Chatham. Storms always reinvigorate the peculiar Cape character.

Meanwhile Mr. Osborn was having considerable success in his ministry. His church had divided its large territory into two: the innocuous Rev. Benjamin Webb shepherded the northern Eastham flock,[20] and Mr. Osborn took the southern Pochet half. The latter helped people improve their meagre farming, and showed them how to dry and use peat from the bogs.[21] A mature, youngish man with a light, friendly manner, he had spontaneous enthusiasm for service to the Cape. His church grew, because he introduced to grandchildren of original settlers doctrines and practices that seemed fresh and adventurous.

With sorrow Mr. Stone set down in his records that during ten years his church had admitted only thirteen males.[22] About

[17] *Letter to the General Convention* and *Church of Christ Vindicated.*

[18] *Letter to the General Convention. Records of the Brewster Congregational Church* (Boston, 1911). This tiny edition gives the unexpurgated records. Expurgated records are in *Mayflower Descendant.*

[19] *Result of Council,* 23.

[20] *Sibley's Harvard Graduates,* VI, 112, 113 (Boston, 1942). Allen's *American Biographical and Historical Dictionary* gives a favorable estimate of him.

[21] *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.,* Ser. I, Vol. 8. (Probably by Rev. James Freeman, 1802.) All accounts of Osborn mention the peat.

[22] *Records of Brewster Congregational Church.*

his enemy's success he asserted: "It's readily acknowledged that God is very sovereign in making use of what occasions or means He pleases, for doing good to souls. Yet misguided zeal in people may easily mistake, regarding the success of a ministry." He denied, however, that a fellow minister, presumably Mr. Lord, had said of Pochet under Mr. Osborn, "that the devil's kingdom use to increase faster than that of Christ."[23] The situation at the center of the Cape was intolerable.

Year after year Mr. Stone was unremitting in hostility. Many of Mr. Osborn's staunchest supporters died, including Deacon John Paine,[24] the Rev. Rowland Cotton,[25] and Cotton Mather himself, whom Mr. Stone insulted. Others eventually changed sides. The long fight split many families. Freeman was against Freeman, Paine against Paine, Doane against Doane.[26] Cape society was like an old ship with creaking seams opening. On June 27, 1738, twenty years after Mr. Osborn began his ministry, another council met at Eastham to hear the old charges against him.[27]

From the first, Mr. Stone insisted that Mr. Osborn was "an ignorant stranger coming out of Ireland without any letters of commendation from sober or religious people there."[28] Ireland! That was enough to damn him. Mr. Osborn insisted that in 1717 he had brought to America a letter of commendation from the Rev. Robert Rainey of the Lordship of Newry, County Down.[29] No minister saw this letter, and Mr. Osborn did not offer to produce it. He taught school at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, and five years in Harwich, Sandwich, and

[23] *Result of Council*, 23.

[24] Henry D. Paine, *Paine Family Records* (New York, 1880-1883).

[25] LaVerne C. Cooley, *A Short Biography of the Rev. John Cotton of Boston and a Cotton Genealogy of His Descendants* (Batavia, N. Y., 1945), 29.

[26] See *Doane Family* for Justice John Doane of Billingsgate, who supported Stone, and his cousin, Justice Joseph Doane of Eastham (Orleans), who at first supported Osborn and then turned against him.

[27] *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers*, 11.

[28] *Result of Council*, 22.

[29] Ethel S. Bolton, *Immigrants to New England, 1700-1775* (Salem, 1931), 149.

Plymouth.[30] The Cape must have known him well before his Eastham settlement.

Second, Mr. Stone stressed his opponent's ignorance. Mr. Osborn said he was educated in Glasgow.[31] His writing, well reasoned and in good style, abounds in pertinent Scriptural and other allusions. Mr. Stone, deeming anyone ignorant who had no Harvard degree, reluctantly admitted he had no fault to find with Mr. Osborn's learning.[32]

Third, Mr. Stone and Mrs. Doane objected to Mr. Osborn on the more serious ground that he was "upon court record as the reputed father of a bastard child."[33] Mr. Osborn's reply to this was ungallant. According to Mrs. Doane, he said: "I did make courtship to Mercy Norton, with intent to make her my wife, but I understand she was . . . of loose behavior, and . . . of an ill family . . . I have had foolish and sinful actions with her, but . . . I can't really say the child is mine . . . I hope I have repented . . . and I hope God has forgiven me. Then I said . . . why did you take the child and play with it? . . . He answered, I never took it in my arms, but one of the Nortons put it upon my knee, and I played with it as . . . with a neighbor's child. . . . I said . . . why did you promise the mother to give it education? He said, I never had any discourse with the mother about giving it education or trade. . . . Yet those things which he thus denied are testified against him upon oath by persons at Martha's Vineyard."

[30] *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers.*

[31] *Doane Family*, 499. This says in another place that he was educated in Dublin (Trinity College?). The statements about his early life are based on a pamphlet by Drusilla Doane Wyman giving the account of her father, Israel Doane (1760-1844), a grandson of Osborn.

[32] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 22.

[33] C. E. Banks, *The History of Martha's Vineyard* (Vols. I, II, Boston, 1911, Vol. III, Edgartown, 1925), 383. *Edgartown Vital Records*, 160. *Doane Family* gives Osborn's legitimate children. He married Jedidah Smith, who was first cousin once removed of Reliance Hinckley, wife of Stone, January 1, 1710-1711. Samuel Osborn, Jr., bastard son of Osborn and Mercy Norton, was born later that year. He became a carpenter, married Keziah Butler, whose father was first cousin of Mercy Norton, had children and descendants. Mercy Norton married James Claghorn November 30, 1715 (*Edgartown Vital Records*, 156) and had more children. Claghorn became insane. Did Mercy Norton drive him crazy?

Though most of that was true, would this considerable blemish prevent his being a good pastor? Before the ordination, the consulting ministers investigated the scandal and passed it over.[34] Mrs. Doane and Mr. Stone harped on that bastardy in talk and print until everyone knew of it. Yet many ministers went on upholding Mr. Osborn, because they believed that, like other clergymen who had sinned, he had sincerely repented.

To Mr. Stone, private repentance was not enough.[35] There had to be public confession before the church. After that he would tolerate even a minister who had erred. He regarded favorably the Rev. Mr. Fessenden of Sandwich, who finally confessed, and the Rev. Mr. Oakes of Wellfleet. Many in his church were confessed fornicators. Some say he opposed Mr. Osborn mainly for cheerfully baptizing children born too soon. Mr. Stone baptized such babies and gladly received their parents into the church, but only after they publicly confessed. He opposed Mr. Osborn for not observing the strict Calvinist form of public confession.

In 1725 the benevolent Rev. Ebenezer Gay preached at Barnstable on "Ministers are men of like passions with others."[36] That Mr. Stone knew, for all the while he was busily fathering children until he had a dozen, all properly born in wedlock. He was a good man. Mr. Osborn had only half as many, including the bastard.

The fourth charge against Mr. Osborn was that he was "venting erroneous doctrines." Though he was a stranger

[34] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 5.

[35] *Records of Brewster Congregational Church* gives scores of cases in which Stone heard confessions of fornicators and baptized their children. The most interesting was that of his favorite son, Nathaniel Stone, Jr., whom Rev. Mr. Stone married to Mary Bourne July 7, 1742, exactly a month *after* their first child was born. *Mayflower Descendant*, XXV, 63, and XXIV, 110. *Simon Stone Genealogy* shows that this daughter, Mary, lived to extreme old age, unmarried, but was long insane, and that two sons of Nathaniel Stone, Jr., were also insane. Wellfleet records in *Mayflower Descendant* show that Rev. Mr. Stone actually married Rev. Josiah Oakes to Margaret Haugh. I have not found the Oakes confession.

[36] Ebenezer Gay, *Ministers Are Men of Like Passions with Others* (Boston, 1725). *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*, VI, 59.

from Ireland, had no Harvard degree, and once in young manhood had been too impetuous, no great disturbance might have ensued if his theology had been clear. When he was a candidate for the Eastham pastorate, the Rev. Rowland Cotton of Sandwich remarked,[37] "I do not know that any minister of this association has ever tasted of Mr. Osborn's capacity and gifts for that sacred office." The association, hearing Mr. Osborn, gave him, at Mr. Stone's instance, "ten theological questions" to answer extempore.[38] Only to the sixth, "What is the matter of a sinner's justification?" was his response inadequate. In spite of this one crux of his false teachings, the ministers approved him.

"A sinner's justification" was the action whereby he was freed from the penalty of sin, and accounted or made righteous by God.[39] Justification by faith was a conviction, operative in character and will, that the Scriptures and church teachings were true. Calvinists did not believe in justification by works. Mr. Stone said: "We may not . . . expect life by moral honesty, self-righteousness, common faith."[40] Though "whosoever will may have the water of life freely . . . persons not renewed by special grace do not truly will that water."[41] Only a minister, of the elect, could declare a sinner, after confession, the recipient of special grace. On this doctrine, Mr. Stone, who loved being an autocrat, was adamant.

At an antagonistic council, Mr. Osborn courageously declared:[42] "That men can do that upon the doing of which they shall certainly be saved . . . that men's obedience is a cause of their justification." Veering toward justification by works, he felt that his devout obedience to God and unquestionably

[37] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 6.

[38] *Church of Christ Vindicated*, 6, 7.

[39] *Oxford English Dictionary*.

[40] Stone, *A Very Brief Account*, 100-101.

[41] Nathaniel Stone, *An Account of Pleas of Late Made . . .* (Boston, 1739), 1. For orthodox Calvinism see Perry Miller, *Orthodoxy in Massachusetts* (Cambridge, 1933); *The Puritans* (New York, 1938); *The New England Mind* (New York, 1939).

[42] *The Case and Complaint of Mr. Samuel Osborn* (Boston, 1743), 6.

good works for twenty-seven years, since his one youthful slip, had redeemed him.

His accusers at the 1738 council said he "refused to subscribe to the confession of faith, denied original sin, the doctrine of grace, the doctrine of the Trinity, and justification by faith alone."[43] Of this last, Mr. Osborn said, "I honestly confess that I do not know what you mean by it." On the other points he was ambiguous. Rejecting prime Calvinist tenets, he was practically a Free-willer, an Arminian heretic. Instead of avowing that he was Unitarian, he maintained that he was orthodox. His importance in Cape religious thinking is that he was the first embryonic, groping Unitarian in a region not ready to change its old beliefs.

In 1738, the general convention of ministers listened to a brave sermon by the Rev. John Barnard of Marblehead:[44] "It is the right of every particular Christian to judge for himself, according to the best of his understanding, the sacred Scriptures, what are the articles of faith, and what is that worship which Christ requires him to believe and practice. . . . It is a tyrannical imposition upon the liberties of the Christian church for any to attempt forcibly to reduce other churches to their scantling." Mr. Stone was determined to reduce to his scantling the Pochet church.

The council heard the charges against Mr. Osborn for exercising freedom of conscience, and for "strange, obscene, erroneous, and unguarded expressions . . . concerning God and His moral perfections." Everyone, including most Pochet people, was uneasy. Perhaps from sheer expediency, the council suspended and then removed the Pochet pastor.

Triumphant, Mr. Stone brought the "brethren of Pochoh" to his feet. When they sent him a "written confession of their sin in precipitately settling Mr. Osborn" twenty years before,

[43] *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers* and *Doane Family*.

[44] John Barnard, *The Lord Jesus Christ, the Only and Supreme Head of the Church* (Boston, 1738), 25, 26. For the charges against Osborn see *Doane Family, Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers*, and *Compendious History*, 57.

he magnanimously forgave them.[45] Then he had Mr. Osborn arrested.

"Being excluded the pulpit," Mr. Osborn broke the law by preaching in his house.[46] He pleaded that under the gospel all places were alike holy, and worship accepted whether performed in the house, in the fields, or by the river side. The Barnstable court was "very stern and rough." When he paid his fine, he returned home, and continued preaching to the remnant of his people as before. "Yet the court never sent for me again upon any such account."

At fifty-three, "I, in an advanced age, and my poor family were turned adrift to shift as best we could, nor could I help myself or family by disposing of my houses and little lands." Because of "many injurious insinuations . . . the poor deceived people . . . would buy nothing of me." His opponents said he refused to give up pastoral lands, which, however, they had deeded to him, his heirs, and assigns forever.[47] They appointed Captain William Paine, son of Deacon John, to persuade him or threaten him with a suit. At length Mr. Osborn got some money for the property, and Captain Paine married his daughter. A grandson of that couple was John Howard Payne.[48]

Mr. Osborn's Pochet successor was the Rev. Joseph Crocker, Harvard 1734, a Barnstable boy.[49] Mr. Osborn characterized him as "a young man, who, in my opinion, ought rather to have been sent to school, than suffered to go into the pulpit to teach others." Mr. Crocker, a sound Calvinist, was dull.

Now Mr. Osborn travelled "not much short of four thousand miles," urging ministers to help him get another place.[50] At Salem in 1740 some liberal pastors gave him a gratifying

[45] *Records of Brewster Church.*

[46] *Case and Complaint of Mr. Samuel Osborn*, 13.

[47] *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers.*

[48] *Paine Family Records.*

[49] *Case and Complaint, Sibley's Harvard Graduates,* Allen, *American Biographical and Historical Dictionary.*

[50] *Case and Complaint.*

letter. Of his beliefs, they wrote: "Taking them with a Christian, candid, and charitable construction, to us it appears, they will accord with the truths laid down in the gospel, and the doctrine generally received . . . We earnestly wish for the time when Christians will be so wise as not to abound in their own sense, but instead of disputing with heat, and censuring one another, upon points merely speculative, and which don't concern Christian practice, they would duly attend to the Apostle's direction, *Phil.* 3: 15, 16, and practice accordingly." The chief signer was the amiable Rev. Ebenezer Gay, himself so heretical that many regard him as the father of American Unitarianism.[51]

About 1742 in Boston, where his wife died, Mr. Osborn got a chance to preach in Brunswick, Maine.[52] Massachusetts ministers warned the town. It voted that he should not be "employed in the public work of the ministry in this town for the future."[53] Mr. Osborn wrote the Rev. Benjamin Colman and others of Boston: "Why should you prevent my preaching? Is it because I don't yell, and roar, and endeavor to affright weak people? Is it because I don't cry to them to come to Christ, and threaten them with being double-damned if they don't come to Christ?" That alluded to Mr. Stone's methods in Brewster. "In order to inspire men with love to and admiration of God and His goodness, I tell them that God did not create or give men being for His own sake, but for their sakes, that He might communicate happiness to them . . . I persuade people to believe that religion consists entirely in acknowledgments of God, and in the imitating of His imitable perfections."[54] How many Cape Codders or other New

[51] *Case and Complaint*, 23. The other signers were the following prominent ministers: Daniel Lewis, Joseph Dorr, William Hobby, Samuel Mather, Benjamin Prescott, John Chipman (who was born in Barnstable), Peter Clark, Nathaniel Henchman, Charles Chauncy, John Gardiner.

[52] *Case and Complaint*, 1. For his removal to Boston see *Boston Registry*, XV, 260, 266.

[53] The resolution is in George A. Wheeler and Henry W. Wheeler, *History of Brunswick . . .* (Boston, 1878), 356.

[54] *Case and Complaint*.

Englanders could then understand that kindliness? The Rev. Mr. Colman declared Mr. Osborn "an unconverted man."

Marrying again, Mr. Osborn opened a school in Boston.[55] He lived on forty years, trading in real estate at various places, and visiting grandchildren in Nova Scotia. Once, just before his dismissal from Pochet, he had preached to assembled ministers on "In your patience possess ye your souls."[56]

Thriving Mr. Stone, splendid old conservative, soon found fresh enemies.[57] In 1745 he advised George Whitefield and other itinerant New Lights to promote the gospel in wild "regions of these American colonies . . . where Christ is hardly named," and not to "enter into other men's labors" on Cape Cod "where the gospel is settled, and faithfully preached in . . . purity." When we stand by his headstone behind the calm, lovely Brewster church, we should recognize that he fought an energetic fight, that he kept the Calvinist faith, and hope he has his crown of surely rather lugubrious rejoicing.

What did those decades of ungodly carriages—for obviously many another "carriage" was as "ungodly" as Mrs. Doane's—mean to the Cape? Mr. Osborn presented terms that contradicted those of Mr. Stone. Most Cape Codders liked the familiar more than the novel. They needed a semblance of certainty. Like other New Englanders, they still preferred rigidity to flexibility. With severity around them, people felt that the unknown, or God, must be severe. Though Mr. Osborn's doctrine seemed attractive, it might be a snare of the devil. Going to church after the perplexities and dangers of the week, Cape Codders wanted a minister to tell them what was what. They continued to distrust freedom of thought. In their churches, they liked the controlled drama of submission to God's terrible

[55] *Boston Registry*, XXVIII, 276, gives his intentions October 19, 1743—he married Mrs. Experience Scudder Hopkins of Chatham. See also *Doane Family* and Smith, *History of Chatham*.

[56] *Case and Complaint*.

[57] *The Declaration of Ministers in Barnstable County, Relating to the Late Practice of Itinerant Preaching* (Boston, 1745), 4, and *The Sentiments and Resolutions of an Association of Ministers* (Boston, 1745).

will. Public confessions and repentances sometimes cleared away for them misgivings about exigencies in themselves and their surroundings. Outdoors they had storms, shipwrecks, and other hazards. Indoors they wanted security. Mr. Osborn's assurance that they could with free will work out the happiness God meant for them put more responsibility on them than did Mr. Stone's Calvinism. Semi-Unitarian preaching made them restless.

Interfused with Cape Codders' knurly common sense today are traces of Mr. Stone's and Mr. Osborn's opposite views, adjusted, with many compromises, to their needs on that spare, sandy land where they quietly love the whole air even during storms. Like their functional houses, they are well oriented to winds—of doctrine—which they, in their bottom natures, enjoy. The Stone-Osborn asperities were good training for the development of those mental reservations which nowadays come to the surface as almost mirthless humor. Strains strengthened Cape individualities, helping people estimate more shrewdly many neighbors and relatives around them. Gradually Cape Codders have learned to value deep congeniality more than relationships of blood or of artificial organizations. Probably God foreordained that they should have free will.

Eighteenth-century ideological changes throughout New England Cape Codders accepted only when they had tussled with them as deliberately and keenly as they struggled with fish they wanted and those they rejected. They were accustomed to throes. Through them they tenaciously maintained their Cape integrity. Often slow to act, they nevertheless found many of their beliefs evolving.

Who really won the Stone-Osborn struggle? In his patience possessing his soul somewhere in a Boston graveyard, Samuel Osborn was at length the victor.[58] Not only is his own church in Orleans—"They were mine!" he cried in his affection for its members—now "federated," but about the beginning of the

[58] *Eastham and Orleans Historical Papers.*

nineteenth century Nathaniel Stone's church in Brewster, behind which its unswerving first pastor so peacefully lies, formally became Unitarian.[59]

[59] F. L. Weis, *The Colonial Clergy and the Colonial Church in New England* (Worcester, 1936) indicates that the Brewster church became Unitarian, exact date unknown, in the pastorate of the Rev. John Simpkins. His wife was a daughter of Nathaniel Stone, Jr., and Mary Bourne, and granddaughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Stone. For Simpkins and his descendants see John R. Totten, *Thacher-Thatcher Genealogy* (New York, 1910-1919). Some of these descendants were local celebrities, such as Nathaniel Stone Simpkins, long editor of the *Yarmouth Register*, and some were rich. Rev. Nathaniel Stone would have been horrified if he could have known that Nathaniel Stone Simpkins was a Swedenborgian.

HOWELLS AS A RELIGIOUS CRITIC

ARNOLD B. FOX

WILLIAM Dean Howells was raised in a home where religion received great emphasis, and it proved a subject of constant interest to him throughout his life. Not that he remained a religious man; on the contrary, he lost his faith while he was quite young, and he spent most of his life as a troubled agnostic. Under the influence of Fiske, William James, and Tolstoi he returned for a while to a belief in a God and in the efficacy of Christianity as a way of life, but his religion lacked the firm foundation necessary for true stability. He accepted the new hope offered by Tolstoi with an idealistic fervor. Here, finally, was religion become meaningful. But he had nothing with which to combat the disillusionment created by the inevitable conflict between the ideal and the actual, and in the face of the reality of human behavior he seems to have been left finally with little hope that Christianity could make itself effective as a moving force. *The Leatherwood God,* coming almost at the end of his career, is a daring satire on revealed religion, and we can find here no suggestion of a faith that ethical religion has the power to assert itself as a way of life.

The environment of Howells' childhood was one of great religious ferment. In his father's recollections we learn of the seriousness with which religion was taken on the frontier and of the importance which religious controversies assumed. William Cooper Howells writes of his childhood experiences at camp meetings where at one time he finally joined the "mourners" and experienced the ecstasy of what he assumed to be conversion.[1] Religious enthusiasm reached great heights and often resulted in schisms over minor differences.[2] New sects gained adherents quickly,[3] and the favorite subjects of discus-

[1] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life in Ohio from 1813 to 1840* (Cincinnati, 1895), 91-94.

[2] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life . . .*, 103-104.

[3] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life . . .*, 104-107.

sion were not political affairs but such theological doctrines as free will.[4] Even the peaceful Quakers were touched by the electric atmosphere, and the controversy between Elias Hicks and Elisha Bates led to a division of the Society.[5] Conditions had not changed materially when Howells was a child in Hamilton, and even when he moved to Jefferson he found the people under the same influence.

> They were very radical in every way, and hospitable to novelty of all kinds. I imagine that they tested more new religions and new patents than have been even heard of in less inquiring communities. When we came among them they had lately been swept by the fires of spiritualism, which left behind a great deal of smoke and ashes where the inherited New England orthodoxy had been. A belief in the saving efficacy of spirit phenomena still exists among them, but not, I fancy, at all in the former measure, when nearly every household had its medium, and the tables that tipped outnumbered the tables that did not tip.[6]

In his approach to religion, however, Howells exhibited a freedom and objectivity which reflects his own heterodox upbringing. After a varied background of religious affiliation his father had become a Swedenborgian, and the children were raised in this faith. They were thus largely outside the religious current of the time. As Howells remembered it later, what his father taught him was not dogma and creed at all, but a way of life. ". . . I inferred from such religious training as you gave me that it made no difference what I believed about the trinity, or the divinity of Christ, if only I did right from a love of doing right."[7] The central principle of his father's faith which remained with Howells was a belief in a hell "which each cast himself into if he loved the evil rather than the good, and that no mercy could keep him out of without

[4] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life . . .*, 119-120.

[5] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life . . .*, 161-163.

[6] *Impressions and Experiences* (New York, 1896), 21.

[7] Mildred Howells, *Life in Letters of William Dean Howells* (Garden City, 1928), I, 165.

destroying him, for a man's love was his very self. It made his blood run cold, and he resolved that rather than cast himself into hell, he would do his poor best to love the good."[8] Swedenborgianism was a pervading influence in his father's life which "freighted motive and action here with the significance of eternal fate,"[9] but he did not force it on his children, nor did he allow it to make him intolerant of the beliefs of other men.[10] "Safe in the philosophy of Swedenborg, which taught him that even those who ended in hell chose it their portion because they were happiest in it, he viewed with kindly amusement the religious tumults of the frequent revivals about him."[11] It was a similar feeling of detachment on Howells' part, resulting both from his father's attitude and from his own membership in a minority sect, which enabled him to look with such objectivity upon the problems of religion.

Howells' religious faith seems to have been undermined while he was still quite young. At the time when he was setting type for his father's newspaper in Jefferson, the printing shop was a popular gathering place for the intellectuals of the town, and religion was one of the favorite subjects of discussion. It was here that he first became acquainted with the ideas of Thomas Paine, and these undoubtedly contributed to his later agnosticism.[12] The young people of Jefferson were largely unreligious, often irreverent, and the existence of God and the immortality of the soul were openly denied.[13] Howells and his father read and discussed George Eliot's translation of the *Life of Jesus* by Daniel Friedrich Strauss, and this apparently proved influential.

It destroyed whatever faith in revealed religion was in young Howells. Until, in middle age, he was walking near Florence with

[8] *A Boy's Town* (New York, 1890), 12.

[9] *A Boy's Town*, 14.

[10] W. C. Howells, *Recollections of Life . . .*, vii.

[11] *Years of My Youth* (New York, 1917), 22.

[12] *Impressions and Experiences*, 23.

[13] *Years of My Youth*, 106.

James Bryce and Stillman, then correspondent of the London *Times,* he had taken it for granted that no well-read man had any faith. His happening to say so astonished his companions, and to learn that many educated men believed in God came to him, as he described it, like a blow.[14]

Howells was always careful about expressing his religious beliefs in print, but there is little doubt that the poem "Lost Beliefs," which appeared in 1860, refers at least partly to his loss of faith.

> One after one they left us;
> The sweet birds of our breasts
> Went flying away in the morning:
> Will they come again to their nests?
>
> Will they come again at nightfall,
> With God's breath in their song?
> Noon is fierce with the heats of summer,
> And summer days are long!
>
> O my Life, with thy upward liftings
> Thy downward-striking roots,
> Ripening out of thy tender blossoms
> But hard and bitter fruits!—
>
> In thy boughs there is no shelter
> For the birds to seek again.
> The desolate nest is broken
> And torn with storms and rain.[15]

I am inclined to believe that Hannah Graham Belcher places the emphasis misleadingly when she says that Howells became increasingly skeptical in his religious beliefs during the late eighties and early nineties.[16] It is apparent that his

[14] Owen Wister, "William Dean Howells," *Atlantic Monthly* (December, 1937), CLX, 713.

[15] *Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1860), V, 486.

[16] Hannah Graham Belcher, "Howells' Opinions on the Religious Conflicts of his Age as Exhibited in Magazine Articles," *American Literature* (November, 1943), XV, 267.

skepticism dates from a much earlier time. During the late eighties, however, Howells again became concerned with the problem of religious belief, and at that time we find him once more wrestling with questions which he had largely ignored during the preceding twenty-five years. We must view it, then, not as an increasing doubt, but as a new awareness of the possibilities of faith.

Several influences were responsible for this. In the works of John Fiske he found an unexpected reconciliation between faith and science, and his reading of *The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge* and *The Destiny of Man as viewed in the Light of his Origin* revealed to him the possibility of religious belief despite the evidence of science.[17] Many years later Howells indicated his indebtedness to Fiske. "He evolved from the agnosticism of the whole contemporary thinking world a deistic belief, and established our civilization in the comfort of a credence unknown outside of his following."[18]

Probably of even greater importance was the influence of Tolstoi, whose works Howells first read in 1885[19] at the suggestion of Thomas Sargent Perry.[20] After reading *The Cossacks* and *Anna Karenina,* he turned to *My Religion,* and this book brought to him a new awareness of the possibilities of Christianity if it could be accepted literally as a way of life. Here was no attempt to escape the words of the Gospels by any rationalization. Instead, Tolstoi maintained that Jesus

> was serious when He preached meekness, submission, poverty, forgiveness, charity, and self-denial; and that He actually meant what He said when He bade us resist not evil, eschew courts of law, forbear judgment, refuse to make oath, take one wife and cleave to her till death, have no respect to persons, but love one another.

[17] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (April, 1886), LXXII, 808.

[18] "Easy Chair," *Harper's Monthly* (January, 1920), CXL, 279.

[19] *Life in Letters,* I, 372-373.

[20] "Recent Russian Fiction," *North American Review* (July, 1912), CXCVI, 87.

The author says all this is not only possible, but easy, and he does not relegate the practice of the Christian life to some future period, but himself attempts it here and now.[21]

This emphasis upon the social aspects of Christianity revitalized religion for Howells, and he began to look at it with new hope and with a new interest in reviving his own faith.

But Howells was to find that faith is not entirely a function of the will. He could not believe merely by wanting to, and the next few years were marked by a struggle with doubt the outcome of which is most uncertain. He developed an increased interest in the possibility of immortality—perhaps as a result of the death of his eldest child, Winifred, in 1889—and his intense longing for some assurance of the truth of this doctrine probably added some strength to his faith. However, there is no incontrovertible evidence to indicate that he ever reached a state of passive acceptance. His old skepticism died hard—if, indeed, it ever died.

Howells' poetry reveals some interesting stages in the struggle he was going through. He recognized the advantages of belief and the comparative futility of denial, and he seems to have tried to reason his way back to religion.

> If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
> The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
> Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
> If I deny the things past finding out;
> Or if I orphan my own soul of One
> That seemed a Father, and make void the place
> Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
> What do I gain, that am myself undone?[22]

But he found no easy path back to faith, and the pessimism which marks the poems of this period may have resulted in part from his difficulty in finding a solution to his doubts. Judging from these poems, however, he seems to have pro-

[21] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (April, 1886), LXXII, 808.

[22] "What Shall It Profit?" *Harper's Monthly* (February, 1891), LXXXII, 384.

gressed, with some wavering, to a position where he was willing to affirm the existence of God. Doubt recurred in various forms, as we can see from his poem "Calvary."

> If He could doubt on His triumphant cross
> How much more I, in the defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
> Of having lived the very life I willed,
> Of being all that I desired to be?
> My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me![23]

We see here, however, at least an admission of the existence of God, and in all probability Howells continued to affirm this in one form or another. He could never accept the orthodox concept of God, but he acknowledged the presence of a divine power. In his poem "Statistics," after detailing the many forms in which evil reappears inevitably in our world, he concludes:

> Dark prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
> Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
> The path rise under them which they have trod.
> Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God.[24]

At the age of seventy-eight Howells wrote his last important statement on religion, *The Leatherwood God,* and this can hardly be interpreted as anything but a veiled attack upon the dogmas of revealed religion. Joseph Dylks comes to the little Ohio frontier village of Leatherwood, and after casting the spell of his personality over the people, he declares that he is God. Before his arrival all the different sects had worshipped together in the common church, but the growth of the new Dylks cult brings schism and enmity in place of the former unity and peace. Howells remarks cynically that Dylks's followers "knew by the hate and dissension which followed from his claim that it was of supernatural force."[25] Under the dispensation of Dylks, religion ceases to be a way of life whose

[23] *Harper's Monthly* (December, 1894), XC, 39.
[24] *Harper's Monthly* (September, 1895), XCI, 520.
[25] *The Leatherwood God* (New York, 1916), 74-75.

aim is human happiness and becomes instead a creed for people to quarrel over. When Dylks preaches

> I am God and the Christ in one. . . . In me, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are met. There is no salvation except by faith in me. They who put their faith in me shall never taste death, but shall be translated into the New Jerusalem, which I am going to bring down from Heaven.[26]

Howells is protesting against all the bigotry and parochialism of doctrinal religion. Later, when Dylks explains to Matthew Braile how he was captured by his own lies and was led to believe them by the faith of his followers, Braile's answer is an obvious attack upon the very basis of Biblical religion.

> Why, you poor devil, you're not in any unusual fix. It must have been so with all the impostors in the world, from Mahomet up and down! Why, there isn't a false prophet in the Old Testament that couldn't match experiences with you! That's the way it's always gone: first the liar tells his lie, and some of the fools believe it, and proselyte the other fools, and when there are enough of them, their faith begins to work on the liar's own unbelief, till he takes his lie for the truth.[27]

Abel Reverdy describes to Braile the encounter of Dylks and Satan as he had heard it from someone else, and here the satire is clearly aimed at the origin and growth of miracle stories which become increasingly wonderful as they are spread from one believer to another.[28]

There can be little doubt that Squire Braile is acting here as the author's spokesman, and his views agree closely with the position we would expect to find in Howells. Braile's use of the expression "from Mahomet up and down" seems an obvious device on Howells' part to avoid any specific statement on Christian dogma, but it indicates that Howells rejected the divinity of Jesus, a stand which he had taken earlier[29] and

[26] *The Leatherwood God*, 75.

[27] *The Leatherwood God*, 173-174.

[28] *The Leatherwood God*, 72-74.

[29] *Life in Letters*, I, 165.

which there is no evidence that he ever abandoned. Braile maintains a belief in God the Creator, but not in the all-powerful, all-knowing God of the Bible; he believes that miracles are only figments of the imagination of the faithful. Sin is merely "going against what you knew was right at the time being."[30] God, after creating man, left him to do good or evil as he chose.

> The way I look at it, He doesn't want to keep interfering with man, but lets him play the fool or play the devil just as he's a mind to. But every now and then He sends him word. If we're going to take what the Book says, He sent him Word made flesh, once, and I reckon He sends him Word made Spirit whenever there's a human creature comes into the world, all loving and unselfish—like your Joey, or—my— my Jimmy—[31]

It is not necessary to assume, however, that this represents a regression in Howells' faith, for we must remember that at no time did he express a belief in the historicity of the Biblical tradition. Actually the whole problem was irrelevant to him, for he did not approach religion from a theological viewpoint and he had no interest in determining whether the events of the Bible were historical or mythical. Howells' interest in religion was revived by his new realization of the ethical significance of Christianity, and if the code of conduct which it taught was valid, its validity would remain regardless of the possible falsity of the dogma with which it was intertwined. He recognized one danger, however. In the development of a religion there is customarily a continual accretion of legend which becomes incorporated into the dogma and creed of the church. Historically, it is apparent that this legendary material has a greater appeal than the sterner ethical aspects of religion, and it tends to assume a greater importance in the minds of the communicants and frequently in the teaching of the church as well. Thus Howells saw that the one phase of re-

[30] *The Leatherwood God*, 109.

[31] *The Leatherwood God*, 111.

ligion which he considered paramount was in danger of being buried under a mass of theological doctrine, and it was this which he protested against. In his novels we find no concern with matters of belief; instead, he deals with the church and its ministers from the point of view of their efficacy as forces for good in the world. His attacks upon organized religion are based upon its failure to meet its problems squarely, and its tendency to become involved in matters which he considered irrelevant.

Howells' recognition of the point at which the church had bogged down antedated his own renewed concern with faith. In his early writing we find him severely critical of the Roman Catholic church in Italy, and he carried away a most unfavorable impression from the mass which he attended in the Sistine Chapel. The assembled cardinals, each of whom "blew a sonorous nose" on entering, were to his eyes "a grotesque company of old-womanish old men in gaudy gowns." One of them, Antonelli, had "the very wickedest face in the world," while the Pope, who had a smile on his face that "almost degenerated into a simper," hawked and spat into his handkerchief during the service he was performing.[32] Howells was particularly shocked by the church's failure to fulfill its ethical duties, and he remarked that the boys who attended the Protestant mission schools were there taught for the first time in their lives to associate religion with morality.[33]

> Now at least they are taught a reasonable and logical morality—and who can tell what wonders the novel instruction may not work? They learn for the first time that it is a foolish shame to lie and cheat, and it would scarcely be surprising if some of them were finally persuaded that Honesty is the best Policy—a maxim few Italians believe.[34]

The story that Don Ippolito tells of how he became a priest[35]

[32] *Italian Journeys* (Edinburgh, 1887), I, 216-217.

[33] *Italian Journeys*, I, 176.

[34] *Italian Journeys*, I, 168.

[35] *A Foregone Conclusion* (Boston, 1875), 140-144.

contains implicitly a criticism of the organization which permits such things to happen, and certainly suggests that there are many unfit men in the church. Ferris looks upon them as "merely professional people—poor fellows who have gone into the church for a living,"[36] and he feels that little can be expected of them. Howells censures the church's failure to keep abreast of the times in his description of Don Ippolito's uncle, the canon, "a priest of those like the Holy Father, who believe that all the wickedness of the modern world has come from the devices of science."[37] When Ferris watches the procession of the priests during the Corpus Christi celebration, he realizes how far the church has strayed from its true function.

> Look at the silken and gilded pomp of the servants of the carpenter's son! Look at those miserable monks, voluntary prisoners, beggars, aliens to their kind! Look at those penitents who think that they can get forgiveness for their sins by carrying a candle round the square! And it is nearly two thousand years since the world turned Christian! It *is* pretty slow.[38]

And the church in America seemed to him no more commendable, for here, too, ethical Christianity had failed to secure a grip on the lives of church-goers. Just as there were hypocritical priests in Italy so there were hypocritical ministers in America. The church seemed to be headed for bankruptcy, and in Howells' description of the town of Equity we learn that "Religion there had largely ceased to be a fact of spiritual experience, and the visible church flourished on condition of providing for the social needs of the community."[39] After forty years in the pulpit, Mr. Waters finally came to realize the folly of the prevalent emphasis in religion and determined to give up his calling. "He confessed that while he felt the Divine goodness more and more, he believed that it was a mistake to preach any specific creed or doctrine, and he begged them to

[36] *A Foregone Conclusion*, 154.
[37] *A Foregone Conclusion*, 145.
[38] *A Foregone Conclusion*, 166-167.
[39] *A Modern Instance* (Boston, 1923), 27.

release him from their service."[40] He went to Italy to spend the rest of his life studying the career of Savonarola, whom he considered a great Puritan, and in the errors of this fervid reformer he saw the errors of Puritanism. "It makes its own virtues intolerable; puritanism won't let you see how good and beautiful the Puritans often are. . . . It is very interesting to inquire just at what point a man's virtues become mischievous and intolerable."[41] Thus, despite its great concern with conduct, even the Puritan tradition had failed to make religion the vital, hopeful thing Howells felt it could be. Its emphasis was upon sin and expiation, and this kind of pessimistic formalism could lead only to such warping as we see in Ansel Denton[42] and in so many other characters in Howells' novels.

For Howells, then, the church in America had failed to realize its potentialities. It had become a recreation center for some, a measure of social standing for others,[43] and for a few like Alice Pasmer, an essentially incomprehensible emotional experience; but for only a very small number had it maintained its true function as a moral guide. The responsibility for this, he felt, rested largely on the ministers. Sometimes they were unfit because they themselves didn't understand the spirit and the teachings of Christianity, or could not put them into practice; often they had surrendered their authority and were permitting themselves to be ruled by their congregations instead of asserting themselves as teachers.

In *Ragged Lady* Howells presents a typical example of the minister to whom the spirit of religion must always remain a mystery. Gregory represents the narrowness which produces bigotry. He is the missionary who feels that his own doctrine is the only truth and that he must go forth to bestow it upon the heathen. His great concern with the sin inherent in the flesh has left him incapable of understanding humanity and,

[40] *Indian Summer* (Boston, 1914), 122.

[41] *Indian Summer*, 88-89.

[42] *The World of Chance* (New York, 1893), 246-247.

[43] *A Modern Instance*, 285.

although he doesn't realize it, it has disqualified him from effectively serving as a spiritual guide. When Hinkle tells of Gregory's attempt to convert him, we see how completely unfit he is to preach what Howells considers a valid religion.

> I had to say just where I stood, and why, and I mentioned some books that helped to get me there. He said he never read anything that went counter to his faith; and I saw that he didn't want to save me, so much as he wanted to convince me. . . . He seems to have been left over from a time when people didn't reason about their beliefs, but only argued.[44]

He is actually incapable of loving his fellow creatures; he can only judge them. Clementina and Hinkle serve as an effective contrast to Gregory, for in them we see two essentially good young people who have found no need for the bulwarks of church doctrine which he has felt it necessary to set up around his own virtue.

In a sense *The Minister's Charge* is an anticipation of the ideas of Tolstoi before Howells had read any of the Russian author's works,[45] for this is the first novel in which he approaches man's duty to man from the religious viewpoint. When we are first introduced to the Reverend Mr. Sewell, he seems to be approaching the type of ministry of which Howells approves, for he "laid so much stress upon duties of all sorts, and so little upon beliefs."[46] But it is soon apparent that Mr. Sewell is actually the first of several examples of ministerial impotence. Possibly the fault is not entirely his. It may be that he merely lacks the spiritual environment in which to work, that his is a voice crying in the wilderness. It is more likely, however, that the weakness is personal. Not only does Mr. Sewell lack the strength of character to make himself a force, but he is also unable to put into practice his own pre-

[44] *Ragged Lady* (New York, 1899), 256.

[45] Although this novel did not begin to appear in the *Century* until February, 1886, several months after Howells had begun to read Tolstoi, he had completed his plan for the work as early as May, 1884. See *Life in Letters*, I, 361-362.

[46] *The Minister's Charge* (Boston, 1887), 5.

cepts. And the reason for this is obvious. His ethics are merely verbal; he is a throwback from the Puritan age, and he is subconsciously attempting to escape from his burden of sin by his emphasis upon duty. This is a negative attitude, and there is very rarely apparent the more positive spirit of love which should motivate an effective religion. In place of this he has only his conscience, and it proves inadequate.

On several occasions he fails to act according to the doctrine he preaches, and he is often too glib and categorical in his advice. "There is only one thing for us to do when we are in any doubt or perplexity . . . and that is the unselfish thing," he says cheerily to Jessie Carver when she comes to him for advice, and then he tries to take it back when he learns more of the facts.[47] Obviously there is much that is lacking in his code. At times he is weak enough to try to escape his obligations rather than meet them, and when Lemuel comes to him to tell him that he is to be married, the minister refrains from inquiring into the circumstances although he senses that all is not well. He tries to justify himself with the thought that it is outside his province and that any action on his part would be useless,[48] but it is clear that in his conscience he is far from satisfied.

In the account of Mr. Sewell we seem to have another instance of the inadequacy of organized religion and of the insufficiency of its ministers. The whole structure has been weakened by the custom of giving lip service to creeds that are ignored in everyday life, and in Sewell's inability to live by his own teachings we seem to have an allegorical statement of the condition of the church.

The first novel in which Howells actually reflects the influence of Tolstoi is *Annie Kilburn,* and here we find a minister with a profound awareness of the true end of religion and the function of the clergy. He preaches the Christian state where justice will prevail, all shall share alike, and both want

[47] *The Minister's Charge,* 433.

[48] *The Minister's Charge,* 439.

and luxury shall disappear.[49] "It is in the spirit of this justice that I believe Christ shall come to judge the world; not to condemn and punish so much as to reconcile and to right.[50] Mr. Peck preaches that religion is to be professed by action, and that it is better to be a skeptic and live by the Christian spirit than to affirm religion in words and deny it in fact.[51] But he learns that those who are content with lip service outnumber those to whom Christianity is acceptable as a life. Gerrish wants the church to protect his position, and he refuses to accept the authority of Mr. Peck as his spiritual master; he even attempts to force the dismissal of the minister who insists upon teaching ethical religion instead of being satisfied with the more innocuous doctrine of Jesus as a "means of salvation" and with the "precious promises of the gospel."[52] Gerrish fails to carry his point, but the victory is of little significance. When Peck resigns and gives up his calling, it is not only an admission of personal incapacity but an arraignment of the church and the ministry. The personal loyalty which he finds in his congregation does not indicate their willingness to follow him in his teachings. "Forbear, forgive, submit, remembering that strife for the better part can only make it the worse, and that for Christians there can be no rivalry but in concession and self-sacrifice."[53] This is his parting message to them, but we are left with no reason to believe that their love for him will master their selfishness.

Despite his uncompromising sincerity, Mr. Peck was obviously unsuited for his profession, for his was not the spirit to superimpose an altruistic religion upon the prevailing materialism. And Howells introduces us to still a third type of ministerial failure, the spiritless, yielding cleric of *A Traveler from Altruria*. This man has surrendered his rightful position

[49] *Annie Kilburn* (New York, 1891), 240.
[50] *Annie Kilburn*, 241.
[51] *Annie Kilburn*, 242.
[52] *Annie Kilburn*, 273.
[53] *Annie Kilburn*, 283.

of authority and has permitted himself to be pushed off into a corner where he has no real influence on anyone.[54] He has become merely a mirror of the prejudices of his congregation, and he tries weakly to defend their views by denying the facts that exist. The hypocrisy of his attitude is emphasized by the frankness with which the more practical banker admits these very facts.[55] The minister seems to have some understanding of the requirements of the religious life,[56] and occasionally his conscience manifests itself,[57] but he has been hopelessly corrupted by a life of compromise. The only function he seems to have is to keep his flock comfortable by rationalizing the teachings of the gospels into agreement with their pattern of conduct. When Homos asks Mrs. Makely whether she thought Jesus meant we *ought* always to have the poor with us, we have the feeling that she is quoting from one of the minister's sermons when she answers: "Why, of course! . . . How else are the sympathies of the rich to be cultivated? The poverty of some and the wealth of others, isn't that what forms the great tie of human brotherhood?"[58] This weakling has prostituted his office and perverted the doctrine of his God. In light of the existence of such ministers, it is no wonder that Howells felt the clergy had lost their position as the moral leaders of society.[59]

The distinguishing mark of Howells' criticism of religion was his endeavor to isolate the potential good in the midst of all the error. After reading *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* he wrote to Mark Twain:

> I suppose the church will get after you; and I think it's a pity that you don't let us see how whenever Christ himself could get a chance, all possible good was done. I don't mean the fetish, the

[54] *A Traveler from Altruria* (New York, 1894), 75.
[55] *A Traveler from Altruria*, 82.
[56] *A Traveler from Altruria*, 53.
[57] *A Traveler from Altruria*, 64, 198.
[58] *A Traveler from Altruria*, 151.
[59] *The Quality of Mercy* (New York, 1892), 272-273.

fable Christ, but that great, wise, serious, most suffering man. Read Brace's *Gesta Christi,* and you'll get at it all.[60]

After many years of rebellion against religion, Howells had become merely a rebel against the church. Corruption set in, he felt, when religion became institutionalized and concerned itself with creed and dogma instead of with people.[61] He saw Calvinism as a case of the "human reason submitting itself to atrocious dogma, and operating by an insane logic to conclusions that defame the ideals of divine justice and mercy."[62] The belief in witchcraft which finally set in showed how deadly the creed had become. One reason Howells decided against associating himself with the Christian Socialist party even though he favored their platform was the fact that they had "loaded up with the creed of the church, the very terms of which revolt me. . . ."[63] In Altruria, we learn, religion has nothing to do with creed:

> We have several forms of ritual, but no form of creed, and our religious differences may be said to be aesthetic and temperamental rather than theological and essential. We have no denominations, for we fear in this as in other matters to give names to things lest we should cling to the names instead of the things. We love the realities, and for this reason we look at the life of a man rather than his profession for proof that he is a religious man.[64]

This is the lesson which Howells wanted to teach—the necessity of expressing our religion in our lives. And charity was not the answer. The religious spirit would manifest itself in the "sacrifice of self for others"; it would oppose itself to the system "by which a few men win wealth and miserably waste it in idleness and luxury, and the vast mass of men are overworked and underfed."[65] If this spirit could finally prevail, the church

[60] *Life in Letters,* I, 427.

[61] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (March, 1888), LXXVI, 640-641.

[62] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (August, 1888), LXXVII, 477.

[63] *Life in Letters,* II, 3.

[64] *A Traveler from Altruria,* 300.

[65] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (December, 1888), LXXVIII, 159.

would no longer sell out to the rich, as Professor Richard T. Ely had accused it of doing, and it would recognize that "its work is primarily to make justice and peace and love at home upon the earth, and secondarily to save souls for heaven thereby."[66]

[66] "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly* (February, 1890), LXXX, 484.

BROOKS ADAMS AND AMERICAN EXPANSION

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

LONG slighted as a somewhat eccentric brother of the more famous Henry Adams, Brooks Adams has received less attention than he deserves. Brooks Adams not only influenced Henry Adams; he also made a signficant impression on such leading public figures as John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt. Of particular consequence was Brooks's rôle in the development of United States foreign policy in Asia —and toward Russia in particular—from 1895 to 1908.

The Panic of 1893 brought Henry Adams into close and extended contact with his brother for the first time in several years. Henry, perplexed by the problems posed by the new industrialism, was quick to benefit from Brooks's researches and insight. By 1893 Brooks Adams had completed some ten years of exhaustive inquiry upon which he had formulated a broad theory of history. And as the two brothers waited out their fortunes that summer Brooks gave Henry the full argument of his thesis, which was shortly published as *The Law of Civilization and Decay*.[1]

In the course of this tutoring it is clear that Henry acquired from Brooks "certain fundamental conceptions of history, explicit in *The Law,* which subsequently bulked large" in his own writing.[2] By Henry's own admission it was Brooks who "discovered or developed" the law: "The book," Henry wrote,

[1] H. Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams. An Autobiography* (Boston, 1918), 337-339; compare H. Adams to E. Cameron of August 8, 1893, with same to same of September 15, 1893, *Letters of Henry Adams. Volume II, 1892-1918,* edited by W. C. Ford (Boston, 1938, hereafter cited as *LHA*), 31, 33; B. Adams, "The Heritage of Henry Adams," in H. Adams, *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma. With an Introduction by Brooks Adams* (New York, 1919), 88-90; B. Adams, *The Law of Civilization* (London, 1895; New York, 1896; New York, 1942, with C. A. Beard's suggestive essay as "Introduction." Citations from 1896 ed. unless otherwise noted).

[2] C. Beard, "Introduction," *The Law,* 24, 28.

"is wholly, absolutely, and exclusively yours."[3] Of equal significance, however, is the fact that both Brooks and Henry Adams considered The Law to be the central problem of their life.

Brooks Adams sought a law of history but in effect rediscovered the sine curve. From the laws of mass, energy, and acceleration, he formulated a concept of society's oscillation between "barbarism and civilization." In the decentralization of the former, Brooks argued, fear bred imagination, which in turn begot the religious, artistic, and military types. But as the centralization of wealth (stored energy) proceeded, the "economic organism" tended to replace the emotional and martial man; and ultimately the pressure of economic competition reached a critical point and the society either reverted to barbarism or collapsed—its energy exhausted.[4]

Brooks was appalled by his conclusions—that rational thought played "an exceedingly small part . . . in moulding the fate of men," and that a society's decline was marked by intense centralization and "economic competition." The first was personally unacceptable, but on every hand he saw evidence that such deadly concentration was well advanced in the United States. Desperate for a way out, Brooks brushed aside Henry's warning that he was beginning "to monkey with a dynamo," and from 1895 on primarily concerned himself with the search for a formula that would avert chaos.[5]

Brooks inclined to two conclusions: that the next concentration of economic power would occur in New York, and that the expansion of the United States into Asia was the only

[3] H. Adams, *Education*, 360; H. Adams to B. Adams, June 5, 1895, *LHA*, 69-70; same to same, October 7, 1900, *Henry Adams and His Friends. A Collection of His Unpublished Letters*, compiled by H. D. Cater (Boston, 1947, hereafter cited as *HAF*), 499.

[4] B. Adams, *The Law*, viii-xi.

[5] B. Adams, *The Law*, vii, xi; H. Adams to B. Adams, June 5, 1895, *LHA*, 69-70; same to same, September [?], 1895, *LHA*, 82-84; same to same, December 27, 1895, *HAF*, 352-353; same to same, January 3, 1896, *HAF*, 354-355; same to same, April 2, 1898, *LHA*, 162-163; H. Adams to E. Cameron, August 21, 1905, *LHA*, 460.

technique by which *The Law* could, in effect, be repealed. The problem then became Russia, since in his view England was already becoming an economic vassal of the United States. But Brooks did not believe that Russia would acquiesce in American control of Asia; and so the key question was how to defeat St. Petersburg and take control of China. Well aware of his brother's new interest (Russia is mentioned but once in *The Law*), Henry's first reaction was one of fear and curiosity. "I fear Russia much!" he admitted to Brooks; and concluded that "you ought to be,—like your grandfather,—minister to St. Petersburg."[6] As for Brooks's plan to preëmpt Asia as a colony, Henry was dubious. "Russia," he advised Brooks, "as yet seems too far to reach. We have not come to that point. Probably we shall never get there."[7]

For his part, Brooks proceeded to round out a detailed program for the repeal of *The Law*. That the job was completed during the winter of 1897-1898 is clear from Henry's correspondence. Henry wrote from Athens in April, 1898 (where he was visiting the American minister to Greece, William Woodville Rockhill), to offer Brooks two jingles: one for the "wording of your Law," and the second for "your other formula." The latter documents Brooks's preoccupation with Asia.[8]

> Under economical centralization, Asia is cheaper than Europe.
> The World tends to economic centralization.
> Therefore Asia tends to survive, and Europe to perish.

But Brooks was concerned with action, not jingles, and soon published a policy recommendation.

In February, 1899—eight months before Washington enunciated the Open Door in Asia—Brooks Adams presented his proposals in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. In the past,

[6] B. Adams, *The Law*, 324-325; H. Adams to B. Adams, June 5, 1895, *LHA*, 69-70; H. Adams to Charles F. Gaskell, June 20, 1895, *LHA*, 72; H. Adams to B. Adams, February 18, 1896, *LHA*, 100; H. Adams to C. F. Gaskell, January 7, 1897, *LHA*, 119.

[7] H. Adams to B. Adams, December 27, 1895, *HAF*, 353.

[8] H. Adams to B. Adams, April 2, 1898, *LHA*, 162-163.

he began, American industry's "liberal margin of profit" had been "due to expansion" across the continent. In the drive to control that market, however, industry had been "stimulated" to produce a surplus. "The time has now come," Brooks went on, "when that surplus must be sold abroad, or a glut must be risked." Those who failed to expand, he warned, were "devoured by the gangrene which attacks every stagnant society and from which no patient recovers." "Eastern Asia," he then pointed out, "now appears to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great increase of manufactures." There was no choice, Brooks Adams concluded, but to compete for that "seat of empire."[9] This strident call for expansion fell on important ears.

Soon after his seminar with Brooks in 1893, Henry Adams became obsessed with *The Law*. Not only did it arm him with a rational defense for his pessimism and disillusionment, but it became the theme of his endless discussions with John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, William Woodville Rockhill, and Theodore Roosevelt. As one witness recalled: "Henry sincerely admired his brother's intellect; he quoted him the way Saint Augustine quoted Aristotle, only more frequently." As for the book itself, Henry took pains to see that it reached "all the hands worth considering," including those "of the Supreme Court and the Cabinet."[10] Henry's rôle in the propagation of Brooks's ideas was particularly important prior to the date (September, 1901) that Theodore Roosevelt became President. Those years were especially significant because of Henry's intimate association with Hay and Rockhill, who directed United States foreign policy in Asia.

[9] B. Adams, "Commercial Future: New Struggle for Life Among Nations," *Fortnightly Review*, LXXI (New Series 65, February, 1899), 274-283. This article became Chapter II of *America's Economic Supremacy* (New York, 1900, 1947); H. Adams to B. Adams, August 20, 1899, *HAF*, 472-473.

[10] H. D. Cater, "Preface," *HAF*, lxxxiii, citing Mrs. Winthrop Chandler as his source; H. Adams to B. Adams, January 3, 1896, *HAF*, 354-355; same to same, January 24, 1896, *HAF*, 356-357; H. Adams to E. Cameron, February 26, 1900, *LHA*, 270, and H. Adams to C. F. Gaskell, December 20, 1895, *LHA*, 91, which call attention to Richard Olney's response to *The Law*.

Henry Adams and John Hay had known each other since 1861, but prior to Henry's summer with Brooks their relationship was primarily of a gay social and intellectual nature. The character of the friendship changed noticeably, however, after Henry was apprised of *The Law*. In 1891, for example, Henry complained that French "painting and sculpture" made him "sea sick." But in October, 1893, Henry Adams suddenly began to discuss the fate of the world in terms of "universal bankruptcy," and by January, 1898, he was "more immediately curious about Russia."[11] This new concern remained the central feature of their subsequent correspondence.[12] During these same years, moreover, Henry extended his friendship with William Woodville Rockhill.

Henry's acquaintance with Rockhill was of later origin because of the latter's duty as a State Department official in China and Korea, and his subsequent expeditions to Mongolia and Tibet. But after 1890 their contacts were extended and together with Hay they formed a seminar on foreign affairs. The group was temporarily disrupted, however, in 1897. First Hay was sent to London as United States Ambassador. That left Henry "quite alone . . . except for Rockhill, in the atmosphere of foreign affairs."[13] A bit later Rockhill was again sent abroad, but this time Henry trailed along, and the two of them enjoyed a trip through the Balkans.[14] Not much later, however, Hay returned to take up his duties as Secretary of State

[11] H. Adams to Hay, June 18, 1892, November 7, 12, 1892, all in *LHA*, 11-12, 24-26; H. Adams to Hay, December 21, 1891, *HAF*, 259-260; same to same October 18, 1893, *HAF*, 291-294; same to same, January 11, 1898, 143-144.

[12] See, as representative, H. Adams to Hay, August 24, 1896, July 28, 1896, October 23, 1896, and October 28, 1896, all in *HAF*, 379, 390-393; and same to same of September 12, 1897, January 11, 1898, May 5, 1898, May 17, 1898, May 26, 1898, May 31, 1899, and December 15, 1899, all in *LHA*, 131-132, 143-145, 175-176, 179-181, 183-184, 230-232, 249-250.

[13] H. Adams to Hay, January 4, 1854, *HAF*, 303; H. Adams to Rockhill, October 31, 1898, *HAF*, 451; H. Adams to B. Adams, February 7, 1900, *LHA*, 264.

[14] H. Adams to B. Adams, April 2, 1898, *HAF*, 430-431; H. Adams to E. Cameron, April 10, 1898, *LHA*, 165; H. Adams to B. Adams, May 6, 1900, *HAF*, 461-462.

under President William McKinley and these friendships took on added importance.

The first task which confronted Secretary Hay and Henry Adams was to get Rockhill home from Athens, where he was serving as United States Minister to Greece. "Everything will be done," Henry assured him, "to bring you back." After some difficulty Hay secured Rockhill's appointment as Director of the Bureau of American Republics, and the circle was again complete.[15] Hay had already "expressed a wish" to have Henry as "an associate in his responsibilities"; but Henry preferred to function in a more confidential manner. They began their routine of daily walks at four in the afternoon, time spent "discussing the day's work at home and abroad."[16]

These discussions, it is clear, were carried on within the frame of reference supplied by Brooks Adams. They "diagnosed the whole menagerie," as Henry recalled, and "killed and buried, in advance, half the world and the neighboring solar systems." But Russia plagued them constantly. "What *can* you do?" Henry challenged bluntly; and Hay confessed, in moments of despair, that the "only comfort after all is in your cheerless scheme of the correlation of forces."[17] But obviously, Hay did not really believe himself in such moments of fatalism, for all the while he actively sought to implement Brooks Adams's answer to the dilemma.

The remarkable correlation between Secretary of State Hay's "Open Door Notes" of September, 1899 (and his later policy toward Russia), and Brooks Adams's detailed blueprint

[15] H. Adams to Rockhill, August 24, 1898, *LHA*, 187; the maneuvers that secured Rockhill's return can be followed in *HAF*, 452-460; and *LHA*, 207, 214, 218.

[16] H. Adams to C. Gaskell, January 23, 1896, October 4, 1898, *LHA*, 93-94, 187; H. Adams to E. Cameron, November 15, 1898, November 21, 1898, February 26, 1900, April 6, 1902, all in *LHA*, 189, 190, 269, 394.

[17] H. Adams to Hay, June 26, 1900, Hay to Adams, July 8, 1900, H. Adams to Hay, September 13, 1900, H. Adams to Hay, December 16, 1900, H. Adams to E. Cameron, February 18, 1901, H. Adams to E. Cameron, March 18, 1901, H. Adams to Cecil Spring Rice, February 8, 1901, all in *LHA*, 289-290, 292, 296-297, 305-308, 315, 316-317, 321-322, and note 10 above.

of the proper policy to be followed by the United States in Asia was not a coincidence. That is not to say that Brooks Adams was directly responsible for that policy. The Secretary not only leaned heavily on Rockhill for advice concerning China, but both of them were strong Anglophiles who lent a ready ear to British proposals to coöperate against Russia in the Far East.[18]

Most significant of all, of course, was the eager enthusiasm with which American economic interests responded to the lure of new markets in China. American capital, represented by the American Trading Company, the Bethlehem Iron Works, the Chase National Bank, other syndicates of American bankers, industrial corporations and railroads, and the American China Development Company began to move into Asia as early as 1895.[19] The latter organization was one of the first to cross swords with the Russians, but of more immediate importance was the pressure exerted on the State Department by the Pepperell Manufacturing Company of Boston, cotton textile exporters. Their petition of January, 1899 (endorsed by other business interests and supported by Senator Lodge), requested action to remove the "danger of being shut out from the markets of that portion of North China which is already occupied or threatened by Russia." A bit later the South Carolina mill owners declared that their "prosperity" depended "on the China trade."[20] This was the overseas eco-

[18] On British policy see J. Chamberlain to Lord Arthur Balfour, February 3, 1898: B. E. C. Dugdale, *Arthur James Balfour* (2 vols., New York, 1936), I, 252-253; Hay's response to this proposal in Hay to Lodge, May 25, 1898: W. R. Thayer, *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (2 vols., Boston, 1915), II, 168, and Hay to C—S—H—, October 29, 1900, "Letters and Diaries of John Hay" (3 vols., Washington, 1908), III, 199; on the influence of Lord Charles Beresford and Alfred E. Hippisley see A. W. Griswold, *The Far Eastern Policy of the United States* (New York, 1938), 48-49, 62-64.

[19] C. Denby to R. Olney, February 25, 1895: E. H. Zabriskie, *American-Russian Rivalry in the Far East, 1895-1914* (Philadelphia, 1946), 33; B. A. Romanov, *Rossia v Manchzhurii, 1892-1906* (Moscow, 1928), 102-103; C. Cary, *China's Present and Prospective Railways* (New York, 1899), 14-17.

[20] A. Vagts, *Deutschland und die Vereinigten Staaten in der Weltpolitik* (2 vols., New York, 1935), II, 1046-1047, 1040-1058; Griswold, *Far Eastern Policy*, 60, note 4.

nomic expansion on which Brooks Adams based his analysis.

Yet these factors—vital as they were—do not fully explain the readiness with which Secretary Hay disregarded the advice of his representatives who warned that the English were America's "worst antagonists" in Asia and recommended that "our friendly relations with Russia should be enhanced."[21] Or, more significantly, his instructions to "act energetically" in behalf of those who signed the Pepperell petition.[22] It seems clear that he had been conditioned to an acceptance of Brooks Adams's broad analysis through his long and intimate association with Henry. Small wonder that Brooks Adams thought that "the only minister of foreign affairs in the whole world who grasped the situation was John Hay."[23] Nor did the influence of Brooks Adams decline in subsequent years.

Henry Adams, however, ultimately declined to support such vigorous expansion. True, for a time he thought "that the world has got to be run by us, or not at all"; but he soon changed his mind.[24] "I incline strongly now to anti-imperialism," he warned Brooks, "and very strongly to anti-militarism. . . . If we try to rule politically, we take the chances against us."[25] And as time went on, the old intimacy with Hay became "very awkward indeed," as Henry was "dead opposed to all his policy. . . . He is one wheel in the old machine of Hanna and Pierpont Morgan, and Root is the other." Not disposed to put his "fingers into the machinery," Henry Adams turned away to study the "dynamic theory of gases" and cultivate his

[21] Denby to Sherman, April 2, 1897: Vagts, *Weltpolitik*, II, 995-996; others pointed out that economic possibilities in Russia were far more important than St. Petersburg's threat to American trade in Manchuria, *Foreign Relations, 1899* (Washington, 1901), 594-599; Vagts, *Weltpolitik*, II, 1046-1047.

[22] Adee to Tower, March 8, 1899: Vagts, *Weltpolitik*, II, 1047.

[23] B. Adams, "John Hay," *McClure's Magazine*, XX (June, 1902), 180; and see T. Dennett, *John Hay. From Poetry to Politics* (New York, 1933), 289, where Dennett points out that Henry Adams may well have exercised such a critical influence. Dennett seems to have missed the fact that it was Brooks, not Henry, who developed the policy.

[24] H. Adams to B. Adams, April 29, 1901, *LHA*, 330.

[25] H. Adams to B. Adams, February 8, 1901, same to same, May 7, 1901, *HAF*, 504, 507-509.

"twelfth-century instincts."[26] But Brooks—who thought Henry (like his grandfather) only "disappointed because he was not supernatural"—stepped up the tempo of his campaign to repeal *The Law*.[27]

After 1901, Brooks Adams exerted his influence more directly—as adviser to President Theodore Roosevelt. Their intimate relationship was founded on a common determination to disprove the validity of *The Law*. They shared an incidental friendship prior to 1885, but during the following ten years the men developed a warm understanding. When Brooks married the sister of Henry Cabot Lodge's wife in September, 1889, the friendship was further strengthened. A bit later, for example, Lodge and Brooks collaborated to organize the Commonwealth Club; and throughout the period, of course, Roosevelt was "always welcome" in the inner sanctum at 1603 H Street.[28] By 1895 Brooks and Roosevelt were not only cordial friends, but the latter was well acquainted with the thesis of *The Law*.

That such was the case need not be doubted, for early in November, 1896, Roosevelt acceded to Brooks's request to review the volume. Early that same spring, moreover, Roosevelt revealed that the study disturbed him considerably. He took particular care to advise Lodge that Gustave Le Bon was guilty of "fundamental errors . . . quite as vicious in their way as Brooks Adams'." Nor had he found solace in Le Bon's conclusions, which "contained a sweeping prophecy of evil quite as gloomy as Brooks'."[29] Roosevelt's review of *The Law* was written in the same vein.

[26] H. Adams to E. Cameron, April 6, 1902, *LHA*, 383; H. Adams to B. Adams, May 7, 1901, same to same, May 2, 1903, same to same, March 4, 1900, all in *HAF*, 508, 545, 487.

[27] B. Adams, "The Heritage of Henry Adams," *Degradation*, 35.

[28] *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice. A Record*, compiled by S. Gwynn (2 vols., Boston, 1929), I, 52.

[29] *Selections From the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884-1918*, edited by H. C. Lodge (2 vols., New York, 1925), I, 218, 239.

"Few more powerful and . . . melancholy books have been written," declared Roosevelt; but though he picked at the thesis and its proof, his review is remarkable for its acceptance of much of Brooks's argument and phraseology. Friend Theodore considered Brooks "at his best in describing . . . the imaginative man whose energy manifests itself in the profession of arms." But TR, who had a "very firm faith" in the philosophy of steady progress, entered a strong dissent when Brooks denied that any individual or group could "influence the destiny of a race for good or bad." "All of us admit," Roosevelt conceded, "that it is very hard . . . but we do not think it is impossible."[30]

Other factors intensified Roosevelt's response to *The Law*. A practicing Social Darwinist, Roosevelt was also a close friend of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan. And the Captain's theory of an industrial mercantilism enforced by control of the sea not only influenced TR considerably, but also supplemented the views of Brooks Adams. Likewise important is the fact that Roosevelt was a strong Anglophile. These aspects of Roosevelt's personality and thought help explain his ready response to Brooks Adams's ideas and friendship.[31]

Roosevelt was one of the first to whom Brooks Adams revealed his own concern with *The Law*. "The whole world," he admitted early in 1896, "seems to be rotting, rotting." But at an early date Brooks recognized that Roosevelt was the perfect medium through which to act, and he began to play on TR's admiration for the military. "You are an adventurer," he wrote, "and you have but one thing to sell—your sword." Brooks went on to point out that the essence of life was to live; and then bluntly challenged Roosevelt to join him in an assault upon *The Law*. "Why not live," he asked, "and be hired

[30] T. Roosevelt, "The Law of Civilization and Decay," *The Forum*, XXII (January, 1897), 575, 578, 579, 587; T. Roosevelt to Sir A. Balfour, March 5, 1908: J. B. Bishop, *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time* (2 vols., New York, 1920), II, 107.

[31] H. Adams to E. Cameron, February 23, 1902, *LHA*, 374; T. Roosevelt to Mahan, March 18, 1901: H. F. Pringle, *Theodore Roosevelt* (New York, 1931), 374, 171.

by a force which masters you, rather than be crushed in a corner to no purpose?"[32]

Roosevelt gave ready assent to Brooks's plan to re-emphasize the "martial man," who in turn would dominate the centralization and economic competition that threatened disintegration. "Peace is a goddess," TR declared in June, 1897, "only when she comes with sword girt on thigh." Later, when Roosevelt became Governor of New York, Brooks journeyed to Albany to warn TR of the dangers in militant trade-unionism and the eight-hour day. But neither of the men ever lost sight of the real goal—to repeal *The Law*. On that occasion, as Roosevelt advised Hay, they discussed the possibility of "heading some great outburst of the emotional classes which should at least temporarily crush the Economic Man."[33] That Brooks had also briefed TR on his full program became apparent shortly thereafter.

The following year (1900) Brooks Adams published his detailed plan to destroy *The Law*. Entitled *America's Economic Supremacy*, it was merely an expansion of the article in the *Fortnightly Review*. From a careful review of the concentration and disintegration of England's economic power, Brooks drew one major conclusion: expansion into Asia must be pressed. The obvious enemy was Russia ("the vast monster"), but if Japan should prevail "the situation would remain substantially unaltered." Nor did the means pose any serious problem. Martial man was to be reinvigorated, and the United States, concluded Brooks, must "reduce" Asia "to a part of [its] economic system."[34] That the book was either ignored

[32] B. Adams to T. Roosevelt, February 25, 1896, and April 26, 1896: M. Josephson, *The President Makers, 1896-1919* (New York, 1940), 27, 60-61; and see Beard's "Introduction," *The Law* (1942).

[33] T. Roosevelt, Speech at the Naval War College, June 2, 1897: *Works. National Edition* (20 vols., New York, 1925), XIV, 182-199; T. Roosevelt to Hay, June 17, 1899: Josephson, *President Makers*, 98.

[34] B. Adams, *America's Economic Supremacy* (New York, 1947), 63, 78, 132, 96, 98, 151, 153, 155, 157, 179, 193, 170, 194; Henry advised Brooks that the reviews were "lumps of drivel," H. Adams to B. Adams, February 8, 1901, *HAF*, 504. Prior to the appearance of the volume, Brooks also published another excerpt, "Russia's Interest in China," *Atlantic*, LXXXVI (September, 1900), 309-317.

or misunderstood (and sold but a few copies) was unimportant; for Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States less than a year later.

Roosevelt had already given the public a preview of what was to come. Writing in the *Independent* of December 21, 1899 (a mere six months after Brooks's summer visit), TR announced that "on the border between civilization and barbarism war is generally normal." It naturally followed, argued Roosevelt, that only "the mighty civilized races which have not lost the fighting instinct" could, "by their expansion," gradually secure peace through the defeat of the "barbarians." With reference to the Pacific, moreover, Roosevelt was careful to note that "the great progressive colonizing nations are England and Germany." The inference was clear: doubly so since Brooks declared that Russia was "peopled by an archaic race."[35]

And Roosevelt's State-of-the-Nation message on December 3, 1901, must have sounded familiar to anyone who had read *The Law* and *America's Economic Supremacy*. TR stressed two themes: military might and the "permanent establishment of a wider market for American products." With reference to China, he declared, the latter meant "not merely the procurement of enlarged commercial opportunities on the coasts, but access to the interior." For a summary, the President merely paraphrased Brooks (by whom, he took care to acknowledge, it had "been well said") in a categorical warning. "The American people," Roosevelt admonished, "must either build and maintain an adequate navy or else make up their minds definitely to accept a secondary position in international affairs, not merely in political, but in commercial, matters."[36]

[35] T. Roosevelt, "Expansion and Peace," *The Independent* (December 21, 1899); *The Strenuous Life* (New York, 1904), 23-26; and Adams, *Supremacy*, 179.

[36] T. Roosevelt, "Message of the President of the United States to the First Session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress, December 3, 1901," *Congressional Record*, 57th Congress, 1 Session (Washington, 1901), xxxv, 82-83, 84, 86, 88, 89, 92; for passages of striking similarity written by Brooks Adams at an earlier date see

Despite such influence, Brooks Adams was impatient. Henry offered encouragement. "I rather incline," he wrote in April, 1902, "to suspect that, another year, your friend in the White House may feel more grateful for your support than in the years now passing, even if he is not more active in rewarding it. . . . Teddy's luck is not to be forgotten."[37] Brooks, of course, had not long to wait. Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Jonathan P. Dolliver publicly acknowledged their debt to Brooks Adams and urged the public to support both economic expansion in Asia and opposition to Russia.[38] And Roosevelt soon gave his undivided attention to China—for Brooks "the great problem of the future."[39]

The Far East was "uppermost" in Roosevelt's mind and it was, moreover, the "corrupt, tricky, and inefficient" Russians (Brooks termed them "ignorant, uninventive, indolent, and improvident") who early "aroused and irritated him."[40] This open and vigorous opposition to Russia, however, tends to obscure the fact that "at no time" did TR favor Japan's complete ascendancy. In the struggle between those two nations his plan—in close harmony with Brooks's—was "to exhaust both Russia and Japan" and thereby secure America's supremacy in Asia.[41] But their undue emphasis on the Russian

"Russia's Interest in China," *Atlantic*, LXXXVI (September, 1900), 310, 317; "The New Industrial Revolution," *Atlantic*, LXXXVII (February, 1901), 165; "Reciprocity or the Alternative," *Atlantic*, LXXXVIII (1901), 154, 155; *Supremacy*, 82, 103, 105, 131-132, 192, 194; and see Roosevelt to B. Adams, September 27, 1901, *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, edited by E. E. Morison (Cambridge, 1951), III, 152-153.

[37] H. Adams to B. Adams, April 21, 1902, *HAF*, 524-525.

[38] H. C. Lodge, "Some Impressions of Russia," *Scribner's Magazine*, XXXI (1902), 571; J. P. Dolliver, "Significance of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance," *North American Review*, CLXXIV (1901-1902), 594.

[39] B. Adams, *Supremacy*, 194.

[40] Pringle, *Roosevelt*, 372; T. Roosevelt to L. C. Griscom, July 27, 1905; T. Dennett, *Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War* (New York, 1925), 241; B. Adams, *Supremacy*, 179; T. Roosevelt to Hay, July 18, 1903; A. L. P. Dennis, *Adventures in American Diplomacy, 1896-1906* (New York, 1928), 359.

[41] T. Roosevelt, conversation with Speck von Sternberg, March 21, 1904; *Die Grosse Politik der Europaischen Kabinette, 1871-1914* (Berlin, 1921-1927), XIX, I, No. 5992; L. Griscom, *Diplomatically Speaking* (New York, 1940), 244-245; Zabriskie, *Rivalry*, 107.

menace caused Brooks and Theodore to lose the initiative to Japan.

Both men recognized their dilemma. What the Japanese "will do to us hereafter," worried TR, "when intoxicated by their victory over Russia, is another question."[42] Roosevelt was also ready to stop the whole affair on another count. Both Brooks Adams and TR's diplomatic trouble-shooter, business man George von Lengerke Meyer (the President, in his growing fear, had transferred him from Italy to St. Petersburg) warned that a revolution in Russia would be disastrous no matter what the final result.[43] A weakened Russia would further strengthen Japan while a reinvigorated Russia might threaten the Manchurian claims of all the interested powers. Yet either possibility seemed imminent as Tsarist bureaucracy began to crack under the strain of war. Roosevelt confided his fears to some; to others his problem was obvious.

Henry Adams, for one, was near hysteria lest his brother ("who runs about and instructs the great") would precipitate a full-scale catastrophe. "We shall sink or swim" with the Tsar, he cried, "half crazy" over the prospect of a revolution in Russia.[44] Roosevelt, too, was afraid. "I earnestly hope," he admitted to Meyer, that "the Tsar will see that he must at all hazards . . . make peace . . . and then turn his attention to internal affairs."[45] But Henry was not encouraged. Theodore, in his opinion, had "touched nothing which he has not deranged." It was not so much his fault, however, as it was "the rotten old machinery of society."[46]

Brooks Adams still argued, however, that the machinery "must be made to run"; a notion to which Henry replied that

[42] T. Roosevelt to Sir G. Trevelyan, March 9, 1905: Pringle, *Roosevelt*, 380; T. Roosevelt to Spring Rice, December 27, 1904: Dennett, *Roosevelt*, 47-50.

[43] B. Adams, *Supremacy*, 191; T. Roosevelt to G. von L. Meyer, July 7, 1905: Bishop, *Roosevelt*, I, 399-400.

[44] H. Adams to E. Cameron, February 7, 1904, January 10, 1904, August 29, 1905, all in *LHA*, 423, 419, 461.

[45] T. Roosevelt to Meyer, July 7, 1905: Bishop, *Roosevelt*, I, 399-400.

[46] H. Adams to E. Cameron, August 21, 1905, *LHA*, 460.

Brooks "had better just make his own, and the public's mind run, for the trouble is here."[47] And finally, his patience exhausted, Henry charged Brooks with full responsibility. "All you can do," he thundered, "is vapor like Theodore about honesty!—Damn your honesty! And law!—Damn your law! And decency!—Damn your decency! From top to bottom the whole system is a fraud—all of us know it, laborers and capitalists alike—and all of us are consenting parties to it."[48]

Clearly, the plan to repeal *The Law* had gone awry. But Brooks Adams and Theodore Roosevelt struggled on. The United States would be safe, TR assured Lodge, "if the Navy was strengthened." But "if as Brooks Adams says, we show ourselves 'opulent, aggressive and unarmed,'" a disaster might well occur. This phrase seems to have been a Roosevelt favorite, for he had also used it in his message of December 3, 1901. And after a guarantee for the Philippines had been negotiated (the Taft-Katsura Memorandum of July 29, 1905), Roosevelt staged a great show of force. The intent behind his dispatch of the fleet on a world cruise is clear—TR thought it "time for a showdown."[49] That the Japanese reaction might be something less than awe seems never to have been considered.

Brooks Adams and Theodore Roosevelt confessed their temporary failure but never abandoned their effort to get the world on a down-hill pull. Both men blamed the public for their failure, saying that it lacked the strength to carry through.[50] But Henry Adams, among others, viewed the performance with grave misgivings. "I still see our Theodore,"

[47] H. Adams to E. Cameron, August 21, 1905, September 3, 1905, *LHA*, 460, 462.

[48] H. Adams to B. Adams, September 20, 1910, *LHA*, 549.

[49] Lodge, *Correspondence*, II, 135; T. Roosevelt, "Message of December 3, 1901," *Cong. Record*, 57 Cong., 1 Ses., XXXV, 1, 89; T. Roosevelt to Sir G. Trevelyan: Bishop, *Roosevelt*, II, 249-250.

[50] B. Adams, "A Problem in Civilization," *Atlantic*, CVI (July, 1910), 26-32; "The Collapse of Capitalistic Government," *Atlantic*, CXI (April, 1913), 433-443; "The American Democratic Ideal," *Yale Review*, V (January, 1916), 225-233; T. Roosevelt to William Howard Taft, December 12, 1910: Griswold, *Far Eastern Policy*, 132.

he confided to Elizabeth Cameron, "as before, in the guise of a rather droll Napoleon who thinks that the laws are not made for him."[51] And, in a moment of brilliant insight, he also rebuked Brooks. One of his own efforts, Henry found it necessary to explain to Brooks, was a joke; and then, almost as an afterthought, Henry added: "It can't help you in the least. Jokes never do."[52] For Brooks Adams, who thought his brother pathetic in that he was "disappointed because he was not supernatural," was even more so—Brooks thought himself to be just that.

[51] H. Adams to E. Cameron, September 13, 1912, *LHA*, 603.

[52] H. Adams to B. Adams, January 30, 1910, *LHA*, 533.

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

THE POETRY OF DAVID McCORD

ROY DAVIS

DAVID McCord in his recent volume of verse, *A Star by Day*, has added, and for a second time, to the real poetry of modern America. When his early volume, *The Crows*, appeared, I believed that it contained sufficient merit to give the author a prominent place among present-day poets. Louis Untermeyer evidently shared this opinion, for in his introduction to a selection from McCord's poems he wrote: "with *The Crows* a writer of delicate verse and distinguished prose emerges definitely as a poet."

These two volumes—*The Crows* and *A Star by Day*—together with his frequent contributions to our best magazines—would seem to make timely an attempt to estimate the value of Mr. McCord's work. In such an undertaking, objective standards are likely to be more honored in the breach than the observance. Even the "impartial" critic finds, as Mr. Untermeyer admits, that in passing on the merits of a poem, every person is driven back upon "that preference, prejudice, and intuition known as *personal taste*." Nevertheless, anybody who undertakes the criticism of a poem will—consciously or unconsciously—have recourse to some sort of eternal or temporary "verities." Critics usually give consideration to all or to some of the following: theme, diction, rhythm, symbolism, and restraint. The general meaning of these terms is familiar to most readers, but a word of explanation seems advisable as to how they are defined for the purpose of this article.

Theme is, of course, subject considered from a certain point of view. In a sense, almost any subject is a fit theme for poetry, just as Hell is equally acceptable, with Heaven, to Dante or Milton. Yet in the hands of a Martin Farquhar Tupper—he of the once popular *Proverbial Philosophy*—Hell will never rise above vapidity. So crows have been mentioned by countless authors, but Mr. McCord is the first poet to see in their flight that human interest which informs everything in the universe—for those who can truly see.

Diction has best been "defined as the choice of words to express

ideas." Good diction in poetry, according to Coleridge, is "the best words in the best order." When Mr. McCord describes crows as "wise old ministers who never smile," he shows a fine sense of diction. Anybody who has watched crows (and can also imagine those able but dour clergymen who stood for hours at a time in lofty pulpits in an atmosphere of predestined holiness) will appreciate the grave humor of the metaphor.

Rhythm has baffled those who have tried to define it from the time of Aristotle, whose confusing definition helps us little more than the experiments of the Pound-Eliot-Auden school, or schools. In language, it may be described roughly as combinations of similarities and differences, and the flow of expression. Rhythm is found in all forms of life, from the beating of the human heart to the motions of the protoplasm in a roadside weed. The "meaning of meaning" is dependent upon rhythmic expression, and the merits of a poem are in almost exact correlation with the adaptation of its rhythmic qualities to its theme. One should read all of McCord's "A Bucket of Bees" to appreciate the rhythmic flow of his verse, but the following selection will suggest how the dignity of rhythm can enhance the dignity of theme:

> Life borders on the joy
> Of joyful things.
> If we grow old, it is not with our age
> But with our youth; the hive too full,
> The soul too mattered with divine content.
> I take the red lance of the westering sun
> And break my shield upon it: who shall say
> I am not victor? Only that the wound
> Heals not, and that I fall again.
> O lovely land and ancient upright wood,
> Call home thy servant, the conscriptive bee . . .
> Call home the child, whose credulous first hours
> Burn at the heart of living, and surprise
> The better reason with unbidden truth.
> Call home the man. He will not come.
> But in the closing dark his eyes may sometime
> Circle the lost last rim of his own world:
> "I walked there once. What turned my face away?"

Symbolism may be briefly, if inadequately, defined as the clarification of one idea by reference to another. The age-old suggestion that "the lapse of time and rivers is the same" is an obvious

example. Just how or why symbolism can open our eyes and ears and give us understanding, we may leave to the untiring searchers for the Ultimate. One may even suspect (as do some thinkers) that symbolism is the Grand Illusion that is forever drawing down an iron curtain between man and truth. Most readers will sense that the fine symbolism of McCord's *The Crows* does clarify the why of "migratory souls," crows or men, when

> March is outside the door
> Flaming some old desire.

Reading in his poem, "Smokefall," that the poet wants

> . . . no trail or guide
> to that other other-side [of the hill where
> the smoke is rising]

we somehow understand, and more keenly, how "expectation may be the deeper realization." In any event, whether the reader is, without knowing it, an uncompromising partisan of Aristotle or a picker-up of the crumbs of learning from some mystic esoteric table of our own time, he will find it difficult to deny that symbolism, at least sometimes, seems to clarify meaning. Certainly the symbolism of the opening lines of "The Dawn Stone" suggests beyond mistake our present uncertainty regarding whether, whence, and why; yet, at the same time, leaves the feeling that "all is not lost."

> West of all else, one would suppose and I suppose it now:
> A man looks east. The world is full of men
> Who live to see their way of going gone; fail, disavow
> Their star, their sun, their soul, and then
> Face backward—

And finally, as to Restraint. This is not so much a distinct quality as an ingredient or modifier of others. In choosing a theme, for example, a poet is likely to be so concerned with what he will say as to neglect to remember what he should leave unsaid. Shakespeare's greatness stems, in part, from his uncanny ability to know when to stop. An excellent instance is the murder scene in *Macbeth*, where the terrifying tension of the crime is given pause, held within bounds, by the sudden knocking at the castle gate. In "The Dawn Stone," quoted above, Mr. McCord surveys the evils that oppress the present world, but he refuses to pile Ossa on Pelion, for he can see the "distant dawn" where eyes are "lifted to the

stainless hills." The beneficial effects of restraint are most evident in rhythm and symbolism. Rhythm in excess will produce satiety —witness the exaggerated alliteration and undue stress on sound in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon."

> When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
> The mother of months in meadow or plain
> Fills the shadows and windy places
> With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

Mr. McCord, as son of the present, is inevitably influenced, to some degree, by fashion. For us, the formal correctness characteristic of the rhyme and rhythm of the nineteenth-century poets has receded before the search for variety. "The Crows," perhaps his finest poem, shows this modern influence without substituting mere caprice for law. It is possible that the long-accepted rhythmic forms of English poetry are largely matters of convention, having no more justification than the custom of a man's removing his hat in the presence of ladies—a formality frowned on by efficient people in office-building elevators. Yet it is possible that the so-called conventional rhythmic forms are in natural accord with the genius of the English language, just as the iambic pentameter seems better suited for expression in English than the resounding Vergilian hexameter.

Be that as it may, Mr. McCord refuses to accept the unbounded rhythmic variations of the ultra-moderns. In this he is correct—if we are to believe that "a true poet is the sanest of mortals." Even Shakespeare's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," observed chaos in order to avoid it. The last lines of "The Crows" illustrates Mr. McCord's ability to depart from "the beat, beat and perfect rhyme" and use with effective restraint the greater freedom of rhythmic variations.

> March, April, goes. . . .
> I heard the crows
> Who less than man or bird
> Beg the impending word.
> I saw the raven head,
> Questioning
> (from my bed)
> Searching horizons still
> Over the dusty sill,
> Leaving between two thoughts one consolate sign
> Of what, too, once was mine.

The lack of restraint in symbolism is the one defect in Thompson's great poem, "The Hound of Heaven"—"The chase is too long." Whether such a criticism of Thompson's poem be justified or not, an excess or undue complication of symbolism is likely to emphasize the symbol rather than the idea which it is introduced to clarify.

Mr. McCord's poem, "A Star by Day," illustrates the value of restraint both in diction and symbolism. It gives a glimpse of the abyss of time and space into which all the perceptive peer now and then. Yet we can look too long—"that way madness lies." He opens the window on the awesome "empty spaces," but a moment later he draws down the blind. We find ourselves back once more in a solid world of sanity.

> A star that burst one afternoon
> Between me and the earth-lit moon,
> And saved some field from being plowed,
> Became, as once it was, a cloud.
>
> . . . .
>
> I saw it flare and turn to fleece
> And in the air obtain release:
> A cloud for those who looked too late
> To see what meteors create.
>
> I leaned against some solid stone
> Or brick that I could call my own
> And, fearful of the universe,
> I watched another world disperse.

The poet does not permit himself to become linguistically hysterical, nor does he press too far his symbolic hint of that vast unknown which surrounds our tiny certainties. Like Samuel Johnson, who kicked a stone at Harwich to assure himself that things are "real" in spite of George Berkeley, Mr. McCord has "leaned against some solid stone" to feel that the universe knew what it was about and reason was at the helm even when stars "shoot beyond their range."

A poet, however, like anybody else, has a right to expect that his achievement be considered as a whole before any final verdict is passed. Because it is impossible to examine carefully the very considerable volume of Mr. McCord's verse—not to mention his significant work as an essayist—let us consider just a few of the qualities that give his poetry merit.

My background of Presbyterian predestination and Calvinistic logic tempts me to irritation at times with Mr. McCord's unexplained sureness that life is forever intensely interesting and worth while. I doubt if he himself knows the basis of this serenity and poise. Yet were Tennyson and Shakespeare able ever to do more than feel that life is worth living? In any event, anybody who listens to Mr. McCord's muse can scarcely fail to get the impression that "the world is so full of a number of things"—crows, "hyperopian" men, persistent beavers, exploding stars, predatory owls, sandwiches and tea, autumn smoke and winter winds—that "the uplands as they are" continue to keep our lives above futility.

It has already been suggested that in the poem "A Star by Day" the poet shows that man need not lose his faith in the fitness of things when face to face with the vast forces of the cosmos: only "ye of little faith" have fear. In "The Crows" he uses symbolically traits of the commonplace crow to interpret the urges and inspirations that drive man on forever to action. For the poet finds in this common crow what the journalists call "human interest"—and the philosophers, "eternal verities." The crow is very human or, as the crow would say, man is very corvine: the crow is a questionable character. Learned juries have even discussed his right to live, just as self-appointed judges—from Jonathan Swift to Sir Arthur Eddington—have wondered about the value of man in the universe.

The opening lines of "The Crows" certainly suggest a trait that is as characteristic of men as of crows:

> This morning when I heard the crows
> Blaming the rows
> Of city houses, blaming the noise [of the city.]

All of us—crows and men—get exasperated at times with the unreasonableness of things, animate and inanimate. From his bed, the poet could not

> . . . see them fly
> In querulous talk
> Above the sparrowed walk,

but he gathers that they are complaining about the general situation. What right has this city to sprawl all over a natural stalking ground for crows? Yet crows are pests to a gardener!

The crows do not wait for the poet to arrange his thoughts:

> They were not come to stay.
> Crows never caw that way,
> Trailing the sound behind them as if scare
> Pursued them down the altitudes of air,
> Except to say once more:
> March is outside the door
> Flaming some old desire
> As man turns uneasily from his fire.

Mr. McCord feels "spring fever," as have all poets from Horace to Tennyson, but no other poet has caught the picture so clearly as he in the last three lines quoted above.

And the crows keep going "on heavy wing." Anybody who has watched crows can appreciate the correctness of "heavy" as applied to their ponderous flight. As the flock fades into the horizon, the poet—like many another observer—wonders what they see as they look about them in what man calls "his" world.

> Perhaps we seemed to them
> Another theorem
> Of parallels and planes
> For corbel brains.

Perhaps crows are as mystified about things in general as Sir James Jeans and Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt. Perhaps they, too, suspect the unknown:

> Perhaps they said:
> the landfall of great seas,
> Or to be feared, or to be tried as trees.

Still, crows, like men, have to keep on the move—or they think they have to:

> Whatever it meant, they never came to rest.
> Their going (as I guessed)
> Had more the text of migratory souls
> Than wings for other springs
> and other goals.

Everything going somewhere—but where? The poet might have hurried to the window "to see where they had gone," except that would mean "disturbing the mind's peace." And why disturb one-

self with too much wondering as to the destiny of men—or, still better, crows? Even of the changing weather,

> It was enough that I should hear by name
> Mention of the spring before it came.

Perhaps mention of spring is best.

And, so to the end. What end?

> March, April, goes. . . .
> I heard the crows. . . .
> I saw the raven head
> Questioning
> (from my bed)
> Searching horizons still
> Over the dusty sill. . . .

It is no far cry from crow to raven. It is not far from the "long, long thoughts" of youth and spring to the longer thoughts of age and winter—from now to "what, too, once was mine."

No doubt it is possible to take any piece of writing and give it a symbolic twist in almost any direction. *Alice in Wonderland* seems to some interpreters a profound philosophical treatise. I feel, however, that anybody who reads "The Crows" will readily appreciate its power as a symbolic interpretation of man's urges, aspirations, and actions. In any event, the poem is a justification of the belief that Mr. McCord has written poetry of a high order.

He uses the humble crow symbolically to suggest how nature urges man to action and to change forever. In his later poems, such as "A Star by Day" and "The Dawn Stone," Mr. McCord makes man aware of, and yet not fearful, of the cosmic forces that surround him. It would be possible to prove that he has a saving sense of humor—as when, for instance, he observes that a gull, graceful in the air, is helplessly awkward on ice:

> If he took one step he began to slide
> Or he sat right down in his wounded pride.

To conclude with a quotation that illustrates Mr. McCord's ability to observe carefully and to express clearly. It is late summer

> . . . the longbow of the year,
> When the dead chestnut breaks upon the hill,
> And the dark woods come darker still
> Because the light is younger where it shows
> The clearest meadow and the blackest crows.

Anybody who has grown up in the country knows those sunlit days of autumn when a brittle brightness lies on the "after-feed" in the meadows, and crows show up with startling distinctness.

Excepting references to "A Star by Day," these comments on Mr. McCord's verse have been largely restricted to his earlier work. However, it would be unfair not to mention some of his recent serious poems, which show a more mature grasp of "the meaning of meaning" and a surer touch in handling the varied techniques of modern poetical expression.

His "Poet Always Next But One," read on December 5, 1950, before the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at the College of William and Mary, was given the William Rose Benét award in poetry for 1951. But to quote a few stanzas from this long poem would fail to give adequate impression of its physical and mental sweep, and of its

> . . . double sight
> To see the day within the night.

The poem should be read entire. Instead, as a suggestion of Mr. McCord's present and penetrating outlook, I quote below from his coming volume of children's verse, *Far and Few*, the exquisite little poem, "The Star in the Pail," which suggests, despite George Eliot, that stars need not be "all out of reach":

The Star in the Pail

I took the pail for water when the sun was high
And left it in the shadow of the barn nearby.

When evening slippered over like the moth's brown wing,
I went to fetch the water from the cool wellspring.

The night was clear and warm and wide, and I alone
Was walking by the light of stars as thickly sown

As wheat across the prairie, or the first fall flakes,
Or spray upon the lawn—the kind the sprinkler makes.

But every star was far away as far can be,
With all the starry silence sliding over me.

And every time I stopped I set the pail down slow,
For when I stooped to pick the handle up to go,

Of all the stars in heaven there was one to spare,
And he silvered in the water and I left him there.

What song the sirens sang has never been recorded; even Wordsworth's miscreant searcher—who would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave—failed to drag into his little laboratory a mermaid for dissection. That the song of sirens can still be heard, and mermaids still be seen, all they will readily believe who stop a moment "to stand and stare" with this poet.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AT HOME

EDWARD MERCUR WILLIAMS

FROM about 1880 until his death in 1908, Edmund Clarence Stedman was good copy for eager young journalists. His dicta on literary matters were valuable, and an interview with him, though not of front-page importance, was welcomed by editors of newspapers and magazines. It is scarcely surprising, then, that a few of his interviewers should have poached on one another's preserves with results both perplexing and ludicrous. There are at least six articles on Stedman, written by four different people and published between 1885 and 1901, which exhibit obvious relationships.

The first chapter of the story was written by Anna Bowman Dodd in *The Critic* for November 14, 1885, one of a series of "Authors at Home."[1] She concerned herself little with Stedman's literary abilities but described his homes on Fifty-fourth Street in New York and in New Hampshire, with their furnishings, pictures, books, and atmosphere. She also paid particular attention to his famous Sunday evenings "At Home." As an intimate friend of the family, she wrote with authority.[2] Four years later, after some minor changes had been made in her article, it appeared in a collection of similar descriptions, *Authors at Home*.[3]

We must now turn to Theodore Dreiser and his journalistic activities during 1898 and 1899, when he was busy grinding out hack

[1] "Edmund C. Stedman in New York and at Kelp Rock," VII (n.s., IV), 229-231. "Kelp Rock" was the Stedman summer home near New Castle, New Hampshire.

[2] Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman* (New York, 1910), II, 282, 321, 419, 582.

[3] J. L. and J. B. Gilder, *Authors at Home* (New York, 1889).

pieces for various publications. In these two years no fewer than eighty-five of his contributions, both prose and poetry, were published in *Cosmopolitan, Metropolitan, Ainslee's, Munsey's, Demorest's, Success, Truth,* and *The Voice.*[4] I have found no reference, however, in the bibliographies of Dreiser, to an account signed by him in *The New York Times Illustrated Magazine* for September 11, 1898.[5] Here he definitely copied from Mrs. Dodd's earlier account of Stedman in *The Critic,* and later practically the same story, somewhat expanded, appeared over his signature in *Munsey's Magazine.*[6] Although by 1898 the Stedmans had moved to Lawrence Park in Bronxville, thus rendering obsolete much of Mrs. Dodd's earlier description of the New York home, Dreiser was able to reshape a good deal of it to his own purposes. His *Munsey's* article is closer to Mrs. Dodd's original than is his *Times* account; this is probably because the *Munsey's* and *Critic* stories are more nearly the same length, whereas the *Times* report is shorter. Dreiser was not the close friend of the Stedmans that Mrs. Dodd had been, but by using her material freely and adapting it when necessary, he managed to produce an account which seemed genuine. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that he had not actually gone to Bronxville to see Stedman, but the relationship between his and Mrs. Dodd's articles is no matter of mere supposition. He used her work not only insofar as general treatment of his theme was concerned, but also in many exact details of wording.

Mrs. Dodd	Dreiser
Either by nature, or through force of circumstances, he is the typical literary man of the day. He is the man of his epoch, of his moment—of the very latest moment. There is that in his personality which gives him the air of constantly pressing the electric	And yet, either by nature or through force of circumstances, he is one of the typical literary men of the day. There is that in his personality which gives him the air of constantly pressing the electric button that puts him in relation with the civilized activi-

[4] Edward D. MacDonald, *A Bibliography of the Writings of Theodore Dreiser* (Philadelphia, 1928), 83-87. Verst Orton, *Dreiserana: A Book About His Books* (New York, 1929), 68-70.

[5] "Edmund Clarence Stedman," 3.

[6] Theodore Dreiser, "Edmund Clarence Stedman," *Munsey's Magazine,* XX (March, 1899), 931-938. It was listed erroneously by MacDonald as appearing in the October, 1899, issue.

button which puts him in relation with the civilized activities of the world. He was born man of the world as well as poet, with that sensitive response to his age and surroundings which has enabled him to touch the life of the day at many divergent points of contact. He owes it to an equally rare endowment, to his talent for leading two quite separate lives, that he has been able to maintain his social life free from the influences of his career as an active business man. The broker is a separate and distinct person from the writer and poet. The two, it is true, meet as one, on friendly terms, on the street or at the club. But the man of Wall Street is entertained with scant courtesy within the four walls of the poet's house.

Once within these, Mr. Stedman's true life begins.[7]

ties of the world. He was born man of the world as well as poet, with the sensitive response to his age and surrounding which has enabled him to touch the life of the day at many divergent points of contact. He owes it to an equally rare endowment that he has been enabled to maintain his social life free from the influences of his business career. The broker is a separate and distinct person from the writer and poet. The two, it is true, meet as one on friendly terms, on the street or at the club. But the man of Wall Street is entertained with scant courtesy within the four walls of the poet's house. It is within them that his true life is lived.[8]

There is a pervading harmony of tone and tints throughout the house. The rich draperies, the soft-toned carpets, and the dusk of the tempered daylight, are skillfully used as the effective background. . . .[9]

There are rich draperies and soft-toned carpets, with which everything seems to harmonize. . . .[10]

One is made sensible by means of a number of clever devices, that in this home the arts and not the upholstery are called upon to do the honors. These admirable results are due almost entirely to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artist's instinct for grouping and effect. . . . A tour of the house is a passing in review of her triumphs, of trophies won at sales, bits picked up in foreign travel, a purchase now and then of glass or china, or prints and etchings.[11]

One is made sensible, by means of the most pleasing devices, that in this home the arts and not the upholstery are called upon to do the honors. This admirable result is due in great part to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artistic instinct for grouping and effect. A tour of the house is a passing in review of trophies won at sales, bits picked up in foreign travel, a purchase now and then of some choice collection, either of glass or china, or of prints and etchings.[12]

[7] Dodd, *The Critic*, VII, 229. (Hereafter referred to as "Dodd.")

[8] Dreiser, "Edmund Clarence Stedman at Home," *Munsey's*, XX, 937-938. (Hereafter referred to as "Dreiser.")

[9] Dodd, 229.

[10] Dreiser, 932.

[11] Dodd, 229.

[12] Dreiser, 933-934.

It has pleased the humor of Boston to lance its arrows of wit at New York for the latter's pretensions of establishing literary circles and coteries. When literary Boston was invited to the Stedmans' to dinner, these satirical arrows seemed suddenly to lose their edge. During the four or five years that Mr. and Mrs. Stedman occupied their charming house, New York had as distinctly a literary centre as either Paris or London. On Sunday evenings, the evenings at home, there was such a varied assemblage of guests as only a metropolis can bring together. Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, but fashion and society, found their way there. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and the most beautiful women.[13]

Before Mr. and Mrs. Stedman began gathering their friends about them, years ago, it had pleased the humor of Boston to speed its arrows of wit at New York's claim to the possession of literary circles and coteries. But when Boston's men of letters were invited to the Stedmans' to dinner, the satirical arrows seemed of a sudden to lose their edge. On Sunday evenings, in the Stedman house, there was such a varied assemblage of guests as only a metropolis can bring together. Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, but such votaries of fashion and society as really possessed culture, found their way there. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and most beautiful women.[14]

To round out this account, we must now consider two more articles about Stedman. The first of these, an unsigned interview, appeared in the New York *Times* for November 15, 1893.[15] The interviewer described Stedman's personal appearance, his library, and *objets d'art*, lamented the multifarious letters burdening him with requests of all sorts, and quoted some of his opinions on current literary questions.

The authorship of this article is revealed in the preface to one more collection, edited by Francis W. Halsey.[16] Halsey's statements about his collection serve both to clarify and to confuse the situation. First of all he says: "These papers were printed originally in the *New York Times*, and all but two of them in the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books and Art*."[17] Later he explains:

It has not seemed practicable to attach to these articles the names of those who originally wrote them, so many changes and

[13] Dodd, 229-230.

[14] Dreiser, 932.

[15] "Edmund Clarence Stedman," 19, col. 3.

[16] *American Authors and Their Homes* (New York, 1901), 151-172.

[17] *American Authors and Their Homes*, prefatory note.

such material additions, due to new conditions, have been made by the editor.

A few of the articles are reprinted as they were written . . . but others, like the one on Edmund Clarence Stedman by Henri Pène du Bois . . . have been so radically altered because of the removal of authors to homes elsewhere, as well as for other new and imperative causes, that to undertake to give the names would involve specifications as to when a contributor's work ended and the editor's began, which would seem to be an act of supererogation.[18]

The Stedman chapter of the Halsey compendium is an obvious amalgam of Dreiser's story in the *Times* of September 11, 1898, and the earlier unsigned interview in the *Times* for November 5, 1893, which, on the basis of Halsey's statement, must now be ascribed to Henri Pène du Bois. It remains a matter for conjecture why Halsey did not give credit to Dreiser for his part in the final version of 1901.

Neither Dreiser nor Halsey was altogether accurate. When Dreiser departed from Mrs. Dodd's more authoritative account, he ran into trouble and made errors of fact. In his brief summary of the poet's career he remarks:

And his has been an eventful life. He tasted court life in Italy, while his mother was wife of the American minister. He was a war correspondent in the Civil War—which inspired one of his finest poems, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry."[19]

As a matter of fact, Stedman had never "tasted court life in Italy." His stepfather, William Kinney, had been the United States Minister to the court of Victor Emmanuel II from 1850 to 1853, and although the Kinneys had lived in Italy from 1850 until 1865, Stedman had remained in this country.[20] Moreover, it is difficult to credit the Civil War for inspiring "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," since the poem first appeared in the New York *Daily Tribune* for November 12, 1859, about seventeen months before the attack on Fort Sumter.[21] Mrs. Dodd had been guilty of no such blunders. For his part, Halsey, although correcting one of Dreiser's mistakes, perpetuated the other, and added a third of his own.

[18] *American Authors and Their Homes*, v-vi.

[19] Dreiser, 938.

[20] Stedman and Gould, *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman*, I, 56-57, *et seq.*

[21] *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman*, II, 616.

And his has been an eventful life. While his mother and stepfather were living abroad, the latter being Minister to Italy, he was a war correspondent in the Civil War, which inspired one of his finest poems, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry."[22]

The magnitude of Halsey's error becomes clear when we remember that Mr. and Mrs. Kinney were abroad for a much longer time than merely Kinney's term as Minister, and during their absence Stedman had been college student, law student, newspaper editor, clockmaker, real estate and general commission broker, cosmetic manufacturer, corresponding clerk for the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, freelance writer, poet, newspaper editor again, government clerk, and stock broker, as well as war correspondent.[23]

As far as I can discover, Stedman was never aware of Dreiser's plagiarism. In the latter part of 1898 and throughout 1899 Stedman was too much occupied with ill health and his forthcoming *American Anthology* (1900) to be aware of such minor matters.[24] As for Dreiser, he probably did not concern himself with the similarity beween his articles in the *Times* and in *Munsey's,* and furthermore, he must have considered that the original work of Mrs. Dodd, appearing in *The Critic* some thirteen years earlier, or in *Authors at Home* some ten years earlier than his own work, was so remote and unimportant that none of his readers would be likely to recall it.

It is possible that a further study of Dreiser's journalistic work during 1898-1899 might reveal other interesting comparisons with the work of writers on subjects similar to his, but as this investigation clearly shows, he definitely used Mrs. Dodd's article for his own accounts in the *Times* and *Munsey's,* and Halsey used Dreiser's copy in addition to that of Henri Pène du Bois for the collection *American Authors and Their Homes.* Dreiser gave no credit to Mrs. Dodd for his borrowing; Halsey acknowledged the work of Pène du Bois but omitted any reference to Dreiser. Mrs. Dodd's original and Dreiser's final versions of the article show more than coincidental resemblances. There is little point in comparing these accounts

[22] Halsey, *American Authors and Their Homes,* 164.

[23] Stedman and Gould, *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman,* I, 87, 89-109, 110, 112, 154, 203, 216-217, 256, 323.

[24] *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman,* II, 243-382.

with Halsey's, since he is merely ringing variations on the same theme. Pène du Bois appears to have plagiarized from no one. Stedman, by staying at home, received plenty of good publicity; the same can not be said for Dreiser.

WHITTIER'S RELATION TO GARRISON AND THE "LIBERATOR"

CECIL B. WILLIAMS

WHITTIER'S literary career has usually been divided into three periods: (1) the ambitious literary apprentice, to 1832; (2) preoccupation with the anti-slavery struggle, 1833-1865; and (3) literary flowering as New England balladist and Quaker poet, 1866 to 1892. My own studies[1] have led me to conclude that the middle period needs to be subdivided. Whittier was a whole-souled and single-minded abolitionist for only about a single decade; after that, from 1843 to 1865, he is better classified as a moderate reformer with literature again his greatest natural interest and the object of the major part of his devotion. In substantiation of this view, I shall introduce evidence secured through a detailed examination of the files of the *Liberator* from 1833 through 1842.[2]

Although Whittier was never an editor of the *Liberator,* his connection with this notable journal was very close. A number of Whittier's poems saw their original publication in it, and it contains many references to Whittier, who was pleased to be associated with Garrison and said he was prouder to have his name "appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title page of any book."[3] But although Whittier composed a poem "To William Lloyd Garrison" to be read at the convention which formed the Anti-Slavery Society and entered upon his association

[1] See "Historicity of Whittier's *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal,*" University of Chicago doctoral dissertation, 1933, published in part as "Whittier's Use of Historical Materials in *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*" (University of Chicago Libraries, 1936).

[2] Whitman Bennett in the most recent biography of Whittier is more in accordance with my view than earlier biographers, but he has not explained in detail Whittier's special relation to Garrison and the *Liberator. Whittier: Bard of Freedom* (Chapel Hill, 1941). See especially chapters 20-23.

[3] Samuel T. Pickard, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1894), I, 136.

with the Society with great enthusiasm despite the sacrifices in political and literary preferment that the affiliation cost him, he did not continue the relation indefinitely with the same zest and certainty, as is plainly evident in the columns of the *Liberator* during the crucial years following 1833.

In the issue for August 10, 1833, the *Liberator* reprints from the *Essex Register* "Whittier's Reply" to the editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Jeffersonian and Times* in defense of "a pamphlet which I have recently published on the subject of slavery"—doubtless *Justice and Expediency*.[4] In the same issue under "Miscellaneous," Whittier's poetry receives high praise. The public is encouraged to expect from Whittier a long and elaborate poem which will "redeem the poetical profligacy of our poets"; there is no other American poet who would succeeed so well. A week later the *Liberator* carried a second "Whittier's Reply," apparently written expressly for Garrison's paper.[5] In it Whittier argues that the abolitionists have been much misrepresented; Milton-like, they only seek free discussion everywhere.

Evidently Whittier contributed no poems to the 1833 volume, but on April 12, 1834, Garrison printed a letter from "our friend Whittier" on the formation of the Haverhill Anti-Slavery Society.[6] Also in 1834, after several incidental references to Whittier, the *Liberator* printed "Expostulation," with this comment, "Our gifted brother has again seized the great trumpet of Liberty, and blown a blast that shall ring to the Rocky Mountains."[7] A month later, Garrison reprinted from the *Lowell Observer* a letter from Whittier expressing regret that he could not attend the proposed Anti-Slavery Convention for Middlesex County.[8] In the literary column of the same number Whittier's poem, "The Slave Ships," was printed unsigned. It is apparent that in the year following the publication of *Justice and Expediency* Whittier stood in high favor with the *Liberator*, and that it was an important means of bringing him before the public.

[4] *Liberator*, III, 125-136. Subsequent references to the *Liberator* will be by volume and page only.

[5] III, 129.

[6] IV, 59.

[7] IV, 150.

[8] IV, 162-163.

On January 31, 1835, the literary column was headed by Whittier's poem, "The Yankee Girl." The number for February 28 devoted one and two-thirds columns to a synopsis of "Mr. Whittier's Lecture, at the Anti-Slavery Rooms, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 11, 1835."[9] Some four additional contributions by Whittier appeared in 1835, including his comments on the disturbances at Concord when he had been billed as a speaker with the English abolitionist George Thompson.[10]

The year 1836 found Whittier still in favor with the *Liberator*. The February 20 issue printed a long letter to Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, in which the poet pleads for freedom of speech, cites Patrick Henry and Jefferson, and signs himself "Thy friend and fellow citizen, John G. Whittier."[11] The March 12 number contains a twenty-line verse tribute to "The Bard of Haverhill" by one William Comstock, including this highly complimentary stanza:

> His reed wastes not its melody
> To lull to sleep a guilty land—
> He flings his branching laurels by,
> To grasp the patriot's naked brand.[12]

Whittier probably derived a good deal of satisfaction from reading such tributes; certainly he needed them to keep him contented in his rôle of literary artist sacrificing ambition to a cause.

In 1836 Whittier's writings and references to him are less numerous, but in December there is a discussion of his vacating the editorial chair of the *Haverhill* [*Essex*] *Gazette* and a tribute to both his prose and poetry, which contain "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."[13]

In March, 1837, the *Liberator* printed Whittier's poem, "Ritner," beginning, "Thank God for the token! one lip is still free," with the tribute, "The following spirit-stirring lines . . . have been handed to us by our gifted friend WHITTIER, to which we have taken the liberty to affix his name—though, without it, no abolitionist

[9] V, 33.
[10] V, 157.
[11] VI, 29.
[12] VI, 42.
[13] VI, 207.

could have mistaken its author."[14] The June 9 number concludes an editorial article by quoting "the following withering rebuke of J. G. Whittier," which proves to be part of the poem, "Clerical Oppressors."[15] The following week space was given to a letter by Whittier, protesting the imminent war with Mexico and also the annexation of Texas.[16] Two weeks later the literary column contained Whittier's poem "Toussaint L'Ouverture."[17]

By October, a letter to "Dear Bro. Garrison" from "Thine Affectionately, John G. Whittier," made it apparent that the two anti-slavery workers were no longer seeing eye-to-eye. Whittier protested the placing of the *Liberator* under the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, "The abolition car moves heavily enough already, without dragging after it every thing which our thousand and one reformers may choose to hitch to it."[18] But that the *Liberator* was still friendly to Whittier is evidenced by a November 17 notice on a poem "By our brother John G. Whittier, [which] is as merited as it is beautiful."[19]

The December 15 *Liberator* contained the important announcement of the enlargement of editorial policy by adding Peace and Rights of Woman to Abolition of Slavery;[20] Garrison apparently had decided to disregard Whittier's advice against overloading the abolition car. Two weeks later, however, came proof that Garrison still respected Whittier, for he quoted from the *Boston Quarterly Review's* notice of Whittier's *Poems*, "He is a living answer to the accusation that this country can produce no genuine poet."[21]

The 1838 volume contains a number of minor references to Whittier, including one August 3 calling him "the Tyrtaeus of our holy warfare,"[22] but negative evidence indicates that Whittier had ceased to be so important to Garrison's journal. In the entire 1839 volume I found no noteworthy references to Whittier.

[14] VII, 51.
[15] VII, 95.
[16] VII, 98.
[17] VII, 108.
[18] VII, 175.
[19] VII, 188.
[20] VII, 203.
[21] VII, 211.
[22] VIII, 124.

In March, 1840, Whittier again received space, but in such a way as to indicate that the preceding neglect of him had been intentional:

PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN. J. G. Whittier has retired from the editorial chair of the Freeman. The time has been when we would have deeply regretted to make this announcement; but, in his present state of mind, as it respects political action and "New Organization"; and in view of the course he has thought proper to pursue in regard to the state of things in this his native Commonwealth, we are reconciled to his withdrawal.[23]

Whittier's discouragement with Garrisonian reform measures and his resorting to political procedures had been hard for his old friends to take.[24] The *Liberator* for July 17 printed an article on "John G. Whittier," containing an unflattering reference to "the following letter from this individual"—a far cry from the fond "Our Bro. Whittier" of earlier references. The article accuses Whittier of stirring up strife within the ranks of the reformers.[25] The issue of December 18 prints Rogers' lament on Whittier's apostasy:

Who could have thought, while contemplating the lofty effusions of our anti-slavery bard, that "new organization" would ever be able to "tame" or to "catch" his ethereal spirit, or fetter his free limbs in its narrow harness? Alas, has it not caught him, and reduced him, and tamed him, as to all further cooperation in the enterprise of which he has ever been the ornament and pride? We look no longer for his banner in the anti-slavery field.[26]

The tone of this criticism suggests Whittier's own later and far better known lambasting of Webster in "Ichabod."

On January 15, 1841, Rogers returned to the attack, minimizing the effect of Whittier's health on his secession from the cause, and expressing the hope that Whittier will regain his health, and "with it his ancient vision and spirit."[27] Other references to Whit-

[23] X, 39.

[24] Albert Mordell has given an account of the controversy which Whittier engaged in with Garrison and Nathaniel P. Rogers following the return of Garrison and Rogers from the London World Abolition Convention. *Quaker Militant* (Boston, 1933), 118 ff.

[25] X, 115.

[26] X, 202.

[27] XI, 10.

tier throughout 1841 fluctuate between criticism and defense. The November 19 number laments the absence of Whittier's stirring poems from the new anti-slavery verse, concluding with: "We summon him to sacrifice his poet's *pride* and into the field again. . . . He has the promethean fire. . . . The slave will want liberty a little the longer for his withholding it . . . she wants the moral trumpet. Cannot Whittier again give it breath?"[28]

By August 12, 1842, Garrison was inquiring:

> Where is John G. Whittier? At home, we believe, but incapable of doing anything important for the cause—except to write political, electioneering addresses for the "Liberty party." New organization has affected his spirit to a withering extent, and politics will complete the ruin, if he "tarry in all the plain."[29]

Although Whittier was condemned, it was more for inactivity than for insurgency. By October of 1842 even Rogers was recognizing that the present times feel the lack of the "glorious fellow" of the "old organization days."[30]

But the gap which had been opened could not be bridged. Whittier was around 1840 not only differing from his anti-slavery associates on procedures for the furtherance of abolition, but also he had recognized in himself a growing weariness and discouragement with the struggle, which aggravated his increasing fretfulness to get back into the literary world. Before he shelved his literary ambitions in 1833, Whittier had already achieved considerable literary stature, and burned with ambition. As a member of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney's Hartford coterie, he had basked in the inspiring company of a group of talented writers, the most gifted and the most ambitious of them all. He wrote Mrs. Sigourney after his reluctant leaving of Hartford in 1832:

> The truth is, I love poetry, with a love as warm, as fervent, as sincere, as any of the more gifted worshipers at the temple of the Muses. I consider its gift as something holy and above the fashion of the world. . . . If I am worthy of fame, I would ask it now,—now in the springtime of my years; when I might share its smile with the friends whom I love, and by whom I am loved in return.[31]

[28] XI, 185.

[29] Quoted in G. R. Carpenter, *John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1903), 198-199.

[30] XII, 166.

[31] Pickard, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, I, 101-102.

It was only in the first heat of his anti-slavery activities that he was reasonably content with a minimum of literary expression.

Probably the feeling of repressed genius galled Whittier most, but he felt the financial pinch too. In a letter of 1843, he laments being able to do so little in "the money-making line," and continues, "Talk as you will of the mind; higher element of intellectual banquets &c—the bread & cheese—the pork & greens are also essential. Heaven help us!"[32] There is much evidence in Whittier's letters that in financial matters he had the true Yankee shrewdness. He would remain poor if family circumstances and devotion to principle required, but he preferred to be paid, and well-paid, for his writings.[33]

Examination of the pattern of Whittier's publication corroborates the *Liberator* evidence. From 1833 through 1842 he published little except periodical anti-slavery prose and verse. In 1843, however, appeared his *Lays of My Home,* whose very title suggests a departure from anti-slavery subject matter; and by the end of the decade beginning with this year, five volumes of verse and four of prose. Publication dates for the individual poems tell the same story. From 1833 through 1842 he published fifty-four poems, dropping to a single poem in the transitional year of 1840. From 1843 through 1852 he published one hundred and six poems, roughly double the number of the decade of anti-slavery preoccupation; and one hundred and one, almost as many, in the decade beginning with 1853.[34]

Whereas in the late 1830's the majority of his poems were on the slavery question, in the early 1840's he was again working happily in the more purely literary field with such efforts as "Funeral Tree of the Sokokis," "The Norsemen," "Hampton Beach," and the long, romantic Indian poem, "The Bridal of Pennacook," whose publication in 1844 in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review,* to which Hawthorne and other recognized authors were contributing, signaled his new acceptability to the literary editors.

[32] Mordell, *Quaker Militant,* 133.

[33] Whitman Bennett rightly emphasizes the fact that Whittier was worth at least $100,000 at his death. *Whittier: Bard of Freedom,* 301.

[34] *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1894), 528-530.

In 1843 Whittier contributed to *The Pioneer*, the first magazine venture of the brilliant young Lowell. Although in the same year he published "Massachusetts to Virginia" in the *Liberator*, it may be significant that this poem appeared without his signature, though he commonly had signed earlier contributions. Although he continued to publish anti-slavery poems until the Civil War, by about 1843 he had ceased to be an abolitionist primarily and a literary artist only incidentally. Instead, he had returned to his first love of literature. Thereafter he would continue to be a reformer until the slaves were freed, but at heart and in an increasing proportion of his activity he would be a man of letters.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE AND RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

WILLIAM COYLE

THREE hitherto unpublished letters written by Anthony Trollope to Richard Henry Dana, Jr.,[1] suggest a reciprocal friendship between the British novelist and the American man of letters and law, who were exact contemporaries (1815-1882). Also, the first of the letters discloses an error of chronology in all Trollope biographies. This letter and a second one, written in 1862, just before the publication of Trollope's *North America*, reveal amusingly his energetic but cursory approach to his subject and his improvisatory method of writing his travel books.

Between 1859 and 1875, Trollope visited the United States five times. Among American literary men he developed a wide acquaintance, which included Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Henry James, William Dean Howells, James T. Fields, Charles Norton, John Lothrop Motley, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr. He apparently found most congenial the writers whom he met in Boston, which he described as the "western Athens."[2]

[1] The letters are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Stephen T. Riley, Librarian, has graciously permitted their publication. Since the preparation of this article, Bradford A. Booth has edited *The Letters of Anthony Trollope* (Oxford University Press, 1951).

[2] *North America* (New York, 1862), 458.

Hawthorne and Longfellow he praised handsomely in articles written for the *North American Review*.[3] In *North America* he mentioned Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* and *To Cuba and Back* and expressed regret that he had diverted to the practice of law energies which he might have applied to literature.[4] Dana, whose forbidding aloofness won him in the Massachusetts Legislature the title of "Duke of Cambridge,"[5] maintained a reserve which might be termed, in no derogatory sense, semi-British. Although Trollope occasionally lapsed into unseemly boisterousness, he was essentially self-contained and undemonstrative, and he approved austerity and restraint in others. His temperamental rapport with Dana is understandable.

That the two men were on a friendly footing is shown by the fact that during his second visit to the United States, while writing *North America,* Trollope discussed the project with Dana and after returning to England sent him two chapters requesting criticism. Trollope was exceedingly eager to avoid factual errors. In the letter of April 1, 1862, reproduced below, he wrote that he desired to familiarize Englishmen with America. He also seems to have wished to atone for the harshness of his mother's *Domestic Manners of the Americans,*[6] published thirty years before. This mixture of a didactic purpose and a conciliatory attitude resulted in a book more than twice as long as *Domestic Manners of the Americans* and far more than twice as dull. In writing his travel books, Trollope covered as much ground as possible, asking questions wherever he went and writing up his impressions from day to day. This procedure, though it encourages verboseness and hasty generalizations, represents a form of peripatetic journalism successfully practised today.

To collect his material, Trollope spent about six months in the United States. He and his wife left Liverpool on August 24, 1861. After landing in Boston, they made a circuit through Canada to Detroit and back east along the American side of the Great Lakes.

[3] "The Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne," CXXIX (September, 1879), 203-222; "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," CXXXII (April, 1881), 383-406.

[4] *North America*, 240.

[5] Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana*, 1851-1931 (Boston, 1933), 13.

[6] For evidence that Trollope considered his mother's book unfair and that he hoped to correct her sarcastic judgments, see the first two pages of *North America*, and Anthony Trollope, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1905), 140.

Mrs. Trollope returned to England on November 27; and her husband again headed west, this time pushing beyond St. Louis, visiting army encampments, and often venturing fairly near the inactive battlefront. His itinerary, reconstructed from stops recorded in *North America,* illustrates his energy.

Tour with Mrs. Trollope: Boston; Newport; Portland; White Mountains; Quebec; Montreal; Ottawa; Toronto; Niagara; Windsor; Detroit; Grand Haven, Michigan; Milwaukee; St. Paul; Minneapolis; Dubuque, Iowa; Chicago; Cleveland; Buffalo; Utica; Trenton Falls; Albany; West Point; New York; Boston.

Western Tour: Baltimore; Harrisburg; Altoona; Pittsburgh; Cincinnati; Lexington; Frankfort; Louisville; St. Louis; Rolla, Missouri; St. Louis; Cairo, Illinois; Louisville; Camp Wood; Seymour, Indiana; Cincinnati; Crossline, Ohio; Pittsburgh; Altoona; Harrisburg; Baltimore.

Between the two tours and after the second, Trollope divided his time among Boston, New York, and Washington. During these intervals he apparently saw Dana fairly often.[7]

Despite various bits of evidence in *North America,* Trollope's biographers differ as to the time limits of his stay in this country. In the *Dictionary of National Biography,* Richard Garnett merely recorded that "in 1862 he visited the United States."[8] T. H. S. Escott, author of the first full-length biography, found space in one short sentence for three errors in fact. "Anthony Trollope's first sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic began in the August of

[7] Trollope's daily writing chore precluded his keeping a voluminous journal or writing long letters from which his social comings and goings might be deduced. Two further letters, also in the Massachusetts Historical Society Library, suggest contacts with Dana. On November 22, 1861, Trollope sent Dana a note declining a dinner invitation and promising that Mrs. Trollope would call on the following Monday. On January 4, 1862, Trollope wrote from Washington to James T. Fields that since Charles Sumner had told him Dana was in Washington, he would try to see him.

In 1875 and again in 1876, Dana's son met Trollope at the Cosmopolitan Club in London. The young man was gratified to hear the novelist speak pleasantly of his father and mother, whom he had recently seen on the Continent. At the second meeting, June 18, 1876, Trollope again mentioned "many agreeable evenings" with Mr. and Mrs. Dana. Young Dana recorded that Trollope "said my father was one of the most entertaining *raconteurs* he had ever met and spoke of his wit and wide information, all which made conversation where he was present so entertaining." Richard Henry Dana, *Hospitable England in the Seventies* (New York, 1921), 329.

[8] LVII, 240.

1861, and lasted to the May of the following year."[9] According to Michael Sadlier, Trollope arrived home "late in April, 1862."[10] Trollope's most recent biographers preserve the error by speaking of his "eight months in the States."[11] Trollope himself stated that he was in America for a few days over six months and that his return voyage took fourteen days.[12] Before boarding ship in New York, he decided to spend the last week of his stay among his friends in Boston. While there he attended the funeral of President Felton of Harvard.[13] President Felton died February 26, 1862, in Chester, Pennsylvania; his funeral was held March 9 in Cambridge. The first letter to Dana moves back the date of Trollope's departure and confirms the six-months' stay specified in *North America*. Since he urgently needed Dana's reply, he may have written his letter before going ashore and dispatched it with his manuscript by the first America-bound packet. If April 1 was the day of his return, as the tone of the letter suggests, he probably left New York on March 17.

Waltham House,
Waltham Cross.
1 April, 1862.

My dear Mr. Dana,

You know the old saying, Give an inch and you will be asked for an ell. You have been so kind to me in that matter of judicial information that I am tempted to ask you to read two chapters of my book in order that any errors *in fact* may be corrected by your correct knowledge. They are on the Constitution and the mixed practice of your law courts. You will perceive that my object is, not that of writing learned treatises on either subjects [*sic*], but of making representations which shall put them before Englishmen in a familiar light.

As to my opinions, of course they will not find favor with you. There must be so much as to which in opinion any two men of the two countries must differ. You will disagree with me entirely as to this suspension of the writ of H.C. (Can you tell me what is that

[9] *Anthony Trollope His Work, Associates and Literary Originals* (New York, 1913), 200. For *first*, read second; for *August*, read September; for *May*, read March.

[10] *Anthony Trollope A Commentary* (New York, 1927), 230.

[11] Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, *The Trollopes: The Chronicle of a Writing Family* (New York, 1945), 192.

[12] *North America*, 580, 581.

[13] *North America*, 457-459.

H.C.?)[14] and probably also on other political conclusions to which I have come. But perhaps your friendship will induce you to give me notice in the margins left for that purpose, of any *errors in facts* which I have made. You can write in ink as the mss sent to you will not go to the printers.

My book comes out on May 12—& you will perhaps see that I want your corrections *at once*. Both chapters were written on my way home at sea—

It may be as well to divulge my political heresies & follies to none of my friends or enemies till I myself place myself in their power.

Oh—that my enemy would write a book.

With a grateful remembrance of your pleasant voice and a thoro' hope that I may soon hear it here I am

Dear Mr. Dana
always faithfully yours,
Anthony Trollope

Do not prepay your parcel back to me. I have a few remaining privileges as a Postoffice official.

Address A. Trollope
General Post Office
London

I calculate the pages will come back by the Cunard of 23 April from New York.

This request is not one which Trollope would have made of a casual acquaintance. Though not the soul of courtesy, he was chary of asking favors which might put him under obligation to someone he disliked. His appeal to Dana's friendship, his insistence on prompt return of his manuscript, and his none-too-gentle hints that his conclusions were not to be tampered with indicate that he wrote to a man with whom he felt himself intimate.

Since the manuscript would reach the States on April 15 or later and would be returned on the Cunard packet of April 23, Trollope allowed Dana about a week in which to make his corrections. Since the book was to be published on May 12 and Trollope would not receive the corrected manuscript until about May 7, it is difficult to see how he planned to make extensive use of Dana's emendations. Actually, most of the suggestions referred to in the following letter can be identified in *North America* as footnotes

[14] This recurring query is surprising in view of Trollope's vigorous objections to the suspension of *habeas corpus*. See *North America*, 478-483.

which do little more than acknowledge the existence of a contrary point of view.

Waltham House,
Waltham Cross.
Novem[15] May 10, 1862.

My dear Mr. Dana,

I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for all that you have done for me. I only hope that you will believe me to estimate it not only as a valuable work but also as one of great friendship.

What you say as to keeping your name unmentioned in the matter is a thing of course. I should have been greatly gratified in owning all that I owe you; but in questions such as those under discussion, of course I cannot do so publicly, as in doing so I should seem to make you responsible for my heresies and also for my blunders.

As regards that one great question of the privilege of the writ of H.C. I must declare at once that you do not carry me with you. I have placed my own paragraphs, your notes, Storey's [*sic*] commentaries, and Binney's pamphlet[16] in the hands of one of our best constitutional lawyers,—Spencer Follett, a brother of the late Wm. Follett,—and he declares my views to be in his judgement right, and also declares that such must have been Storey's [*sic*] views had they [*sic*] been alive. Of course I will not now trouble you with discussion on the matter. But I tell you so much in order that you may know that I have followed your advice in going to an English lawyer, and that I have not ventured to differ from you without support.

As regards other matters pointed out by you, I think I have in every respect either adopted your suggestions, or modified my statements in accordance with your views. I have done this as to Madison's original opinions.[17] As to the instructions to Senators.[18] As

[15] "Novem" is cancelled here, as though Trollope had subconsciously recalled his association with Dana during the previous autumn.

[16] Horace Binney (1780-1875) wrote three pamphlets upholding Lincoln's right to suspend *habeas corpus*. Only *The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus under the Constitution* had appeared by May, 1862. Trollope summarized and contradicted Binney's arguments in *North America*, 479, 480.

[17] Trollope stated that Madison was responsible for the "democratic bias" of the Constitution. In a footnote he acknowledged that "it should, perhaps, be explained" that Madison gradually adopted Jefferson's policy but not his philosophy. *North America*, 463n.

Of the founders of the United States, Trollope, understandably enough, respected most Alexander Hamilton. *North America*, 462.

[18] In a brief paragraph, which may have been inserted after receipt of Dana's reply, Trollope explained that all Senators did not obey instructions from their state legislatures and that instructions were sometimes in the form of "requests." *North America*, 467.

to the introduction into Congress of Ministers.[19] As to pledging (practical pledging) of Electors even before the time of Van Buren.[20] As to the conduct of Massachusetts with reference to the F.S. Law; and in a certain respect as to my use of the words "universal suffrage," explaining that I used them as they are generally used in this country.[21] I have also altered a few words to which you have objected, "Foulmouthed," "Set" &cc.

But still there remains my great sin as regarding the H.C. (What is that H.C.?) And as to that you must put forth your energies and crush me in the Atlantic.

I will send you over a copy by the next Cunard if it be possible. Otherwise by the succeeding packet. In the meantime pray accept my expression of gratitude.

Most faithfully yours,
Anthony Trollope

In March, 1876, after President Grant nominated Dana as ambassador to England, Trollope sent a gracious letter to his American friend. The *Alabama* claims still rankled in England, and Trollope welcomed Dana's appointment as a step toward improved Anglo-American relations. Opposition in the Senate, led by Ben Butler, resulted in Dana's being rejected.

22 March, 1876.[22]
39, Montague Square.

My dear Mr. Dana,

I write a line to tell you with how very great satisfaction it was heard here that you were to come among us as Minister from the United States. I see something of most sets and of both parties and I have heard no dissentient voice. It seemed to have been thought a great thing that the President, in the Emergency now existing, should have had recourse to a man whom all would esteem, and of whom his country may be proud in all relations.

[19] Americans, according to Trollope's grudging footnote, would allege that cabinet members sitting in Congress would bring the United States nearer the British system and would decrease the prestige of the Presidency. Such a change, he declared, was exactly what was needed. *North America,* 474n.

[20] Trollope quoted "one of the best, and best informed Americans that I have known" to the effect that committing electors to the popular vote was a necessity. Trollope disapproved of the practice as a trend toward universal suffrage. *North America,* 493n.

[21] Trollope acknowledged that "manhood suffrage" might be a better term. *North America,* 465n.

[22] This date in another hand, presumably Dana's, is, curiously, the day on which the Foreign Relations Committee made its adverse report.

At the present moment we do not know how the result may be. We see that the Committee of F.R. has reported to the Senate against the nomination; and in English eyes, the American Senate is dishonoured by such a report from its Committee. But the Senate is not, I presume, bound by its Committee, and we may still hope to see you.

No doubt you hear from many here, and my testimony may be unnecessary. I wish, however, that you should know from as many sources as possible how anxious we in England are that you should come to us.

Very faithfully yours,
Anthony Trollope

Dana's refusal or inability to adapt himself to the exigencies of practical American politics, which resulted in his being defeated for Congress by Ben Butler in 1868 and in his rejection by the Senate in 1876, may have been in Trollope's mind when he created Ezekiel Boncassen in *The Duke's Children*. Mr. Boncassen, the most admirable though not the most credible of Trollope's many American characters, is in England to do literary research in the British Museum. He readily adapts himself to English society and at last consents to his daughter's marriage to the Duke of Silverbridge, the wealthiest heir in the Kingdom. Mr. Boncassen has been mentioned for high office, even for the Presidency, but he will have nothing to do with politics. He is dignified, courteous, and self-assured; he is, in fact, a transatlantic copy of the Duke of Omnium, whom Trollope admired above all his other characters. Boncassen was not created from life; but in view of the respect and friendship suggested by the foregoing letters, a tentative surmise that Richard Henry Dana entered Trollope's conception of the ideal American gentleman seems warranted.

BOOK REVIEWS

Breaking the Bismarcks Barrier. By Samuel Eliot Morison. History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, Volume VI. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1950. Pp. xxix, 463. $6.00.)

Aleutians, Gilberts and Marshalls. By Samuel Eliot Morison. History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, Volume VII. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1951. Pp. xxxix, 369. $6.00.)

The preceding volume in this remarkable series dealt with the struggle for Guadalcanal. Volume VI might well have borne the title *Rabaul. Breaking the Bismarcks Barrier* is an awkward and tortuous phrase—a real tongue-twister. The single word *Rabaul* would sum up clearly the contents of a volume covering the advance upon this particular objective.

Guarded by three active volcanoes and tormented by earthquakes, Rabaul had not been developed as a naval base either by the Germans before 1914 or by the Australians in the post-war years. The Japanese, however, had clearly discerned the value of a landlocked harbor broad enough to shelter the largest fleet and with abundant room for airfields; in 1942 they lost no time in making it the working center of their far-flung military frontier facing Australia. Reaching a thousand miles from west to east—from New Guinea to Guadalcanal—this frontier became a formidable creation. Innumerable harbors offered shelter for warships and submarines; the necessary supply bases were set up; and a chain of airfields provided an ever aggressive front against Allied shipping approaching this outer realm of the Rising Sun.

The recapture of Guadalcanal and of the enemy bases in New Guinea (in 1942) opened the general counter-offensive; and the destruction of a large convoy of troops sailing from Rabaul gave the enemy a fair hint of a turn of the tide. Slowly and laboriously during the summer of 1943 one after the other were mastered the chain of airfields and minor bases in the Solomon Islands—between Guadalcanal and Rabaul. Even so, Rabaul stood secure with a garrison 100,000 strong—ten times the number guarding

Truk; and a firm outer barrier of airfields still guarded it from direct attack.

By now, however, our naval aviation could bring its new strength into play, and a carrier strike delivered in November sent the heavy cruisers scurrying for safety from Rabaul harbor once for all. This new approach provided a prudent solution, and the reconquered Solomons offered airfields near at hand for land-based planes. The hammering from the air continued without let-up during the next four months: the harbor was abandoned; hangars destroyed; ammunition dumps blown up and the town set in flames. By the end of March the impregnable bastion "was reduced to a third-rate barge depot." Without ever facing a direct assault, its unconquered garrison of 100,000 men stood waiting to become prisoners of war in the final hour. Quite helplessly, they had to watch our forces put out of action their remaining airfields and bases in the Bismarck Archipelago, and press northward, ignoring Rabaul, to capture a corresponding harbor in the Admiralty Islands. This became a main base for the advance to Leyte: the next stage in the Pacific war.

These many-sided operations covered the best part of two years. Their record is, by the very nature of things, a singularly broken and intricate story. It involves operations widely scattered in time and space—and at times has to present separate and disconnected battles occurring simultaneously hundreds of miles apart. It has to deal with encounter battles of cruisers and destroyers, submarine actions, amphibious landings on tropical shores, and the unceasing action in the air by friend and foe. By the nature of things also, it is a surprisingly technical story, involving new weapons and wholly novel methods of employing them, and calling forth a highly specialized language: a professional lingo of abbreviations, code words, and trade slang. The glossary of abbreviations used constantly in the text fills more than two pages. Only the participants, perhaps, can grasp the full flavor of a text thus fortified—and it is all the more striking that in spite of these complications the author has been able to present a brisk and spirited narrative. It is a *tour de force* to have brought so vast a perspective filled with such intricate detail within the compass of a single volume.

The reader would have been greatly helped by situation maps showing successive phases of the advance on Rabaul. Not one of

these appears. Various charts illustrate points of detail—but there is an exasperating absence of simple maps presenting the geographic background of the matters the text deals with: a reader is often left groping. There is no map showing clearly the strategical importance of Rabaul—which is a basic point throughout the volume.

Although directed steadily upon Rabaul, Volume VI has to stretch out across two very different phases of the war. The earlier operations had to be carried out cautiously and painfully on account of the limited resources then at hand. In the course of 1943 wholly new forces appeared in the field: new divisions of troops, new ships, and new squadrons of planes—manned for the most part by officers and men who were still in civilian clothes at the outset of the war. All this allowed a drastic change of pace and scale by the end of the year, and made possible the relentless period of attacks by air that finally pulled the teeth of Rabaul. Also, the sheer abundance of these reinforcements allowed the Navy to set in motion—*at this same period*—a series of large-scale operations against the fortified coral atolls of the deep Pacific.

Volume VII deals chiefly with these bold strokes. They derived in part from the creation of an impressive fleet of supply ships: floating bases so complete and on so large a scale that the combat fleets could keep pressing forward an unbroken series of operations two thousand miles or so beyond Pearl Harbor. An all too brief chapter, "Logistics Afloat in the Pacific," outlines the conception of these service squadrons: professionally, they were one of the outstanding achievements of the Navy during the war.

Good fortune attended the opening of these strokes in the Far Pacific. The attack on Wake Island in October, 1943—the trial spin of the new carriers then entering the war—convinced the Japanese commander that the recapture of Wake was then the major objective of our Pacific fleet. This error led him to bring everything into the wrong place at the wrong time; and the belated efforts to rectify the error led to still worse confusion. The innocent trial spin over Wake became a substantial contribution to what proved decisive victories.

The campaign opened with Makin and Tarawa in the Gilberts; then, Majuro, Kwajalein, and Eniwetok in the Marshalls—and in the Carolines, Truk—last, loneliest and apart. At Truk our naval

aviation really came into its own. The "Gibraltar of the Pacific" was pounded flat by aircraft carriers alone: "there were 30 strikes in all, each stronger than any of the two Japanese strikes that had done all the damage at Pearl Harbor."

Admiral Morison quotes a line of Ovid: *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* It had taken some little time to learn from the enemy the proper lesson, but at the end of two years the Navy was in a position really to go to town.

T. H. THOMAS.

The Navigation Acts and the American Revolution. By Oliver M. Dickerson. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1951. Pp. xv, 344. $6.00.)

There is no doubt in the reviewer's mind that this is the most important book on the American Revolution that has appeared for years. The Navigation Acts (the whole system of Acts of Trade and Navigation is meant) were, in spirit and content so antipathetic to mid-nineteenth-century ideas that historians assumed they must have been the main cause of the American Revolution, without looking into the facts. George Bancroft's classic attack on the selfishness and oppression of these acts profoundly influenced American historiography, and does to this day, in spite of the efforts of Beer, Andrews, and Channing to prove that they were harmless or beneficial. One of Bancroft's worst mistakes, his assertion that *the* Navigation act confined the carrying trade between England and her colonies to English ships, even appeared in some school textbooks twenty years ago; possibly it does still. Certainly a majority of my own college students in American history believed in it before 1940, as I used to ascertain by a show of hands. And in 1937 the Bancroft theory obtained a new lease of life in Professor Hacker's articles in *The Marxian Quarterly,* since it so happily coincided with the theory of economic determinism.

Mr. Dickerson, a lifelong student of the old colonial system, divides his book into two parts. The first is an examination of the workings of the colonial trading system before 1763, and of the colonists' reaction to it. Having pursued his research into far corners of the Public Records Office, Mr. Dickerson has brought out sundry facts and figures that even eluded Andrews. The tobacco

"monopolists" in England secured markets for colonial tobacco through their expert grading and processing; America even bought back half a million pounds of American tobacco from Great Britain in 1772. Large expenditures from the British treasury (over £500,000 in 1771) on bounties and drawbacks on articles that affected American trade, must be put to the credit of the system. And there was an actual increase of tea imports by the Colonies after the Townshend duties went into effect. The second part of the book examines the new Colonial policy of George III from 1764, with particular reference to the Commissioners of the Customs. Mr. Dickerson points up even more sharply than did Channing the significance of the establishment of this Customs Commission. "The actual separation of the Continental colonies from the rest of the Empire dates from the creation of this independent administrative board." Located in Boston, it was not amenable to British mercantile opinions; appointed from London, the Commissioners were not amenable to colonial opinion; and their zeal was enhanced by the fact that their own salaries from the start, and those of the royal governors and justices eventually, were to come out of what they collected. Most important is the chapter entitled "Customs Racketeering," which shows how the customs commissioners abused their powers in order to "frame" colonial leaders, notably John Hancock. Historians will do well to read this chapter carefully before repeating the old Tory myth that Hancock was a smuggler caught with the goods. And that customs commissioners subsidized certain colonial newspapers has been shown by Mr. Dickerson in a recent article in the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY (XXIV, 452, December 1951). But nobody has yet been able to disprove the facts and figures printed by John Mein, to the effect that John Hancock evaded the non-importation agreement.

The reviewer has but one criticism of this admirable book, which he offers in the hope that later writers may take heed; that is, a rather loose way of handling statistics. In the earlier part of the book there are some interesting statistics of British exports to and imports from the Colonies in the 1760's, but figures for total British trade, which alone give these significance, are wanting. On page 279 the statement is made that more than forty per cent of British-made goods went to the Colonies in 1772, and the exact figures are given on page 289. But we need more than one year's

figures, and we want to know the amount of re-exports of non-British goods from Britain to the Colonies, and comparable figures for the trade of the British East India Company.

No longer can we brush off the Acts of Trade and Navigation, as John Adams once did, by alleging that they were never enforced before 1763 and that the attempt to enforce them brought on the Revolution. Mr. Dickerson has shown conclusively that these laws, however much they may have been evaded in the previous century, were as well enforced in the eighteenth as any revenue laws were anywhere in that era; and that the period of enforcement also coincided with the most spectacular rise in the colonies' wealth and increase in their population since they were founded.

S. E. MORISON.

Harvard University.

The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt. Volumes III and IV. *The Square Deal, 1901-1905.* Selected and edited by Elting E. Morison and others. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1951. Pp. xvi, 710; vi, 711-1438. Illustrations, charts and appendices. $20.00.)

With these two handsome volumes, covering from January, 1901, through August, 1905, Professor Morison and his associates have reached the half-way mark; and it is now possible to judge more fairly the merits of their enterprise. Since the plan and scope of the work have already been partly described in these pages [XXIV, 388-391], this review will consider the importance of the letters in Roosevelt historiography, the extent to which the editors have fulfilled their avowed purpose, the validity of some of the criticism which greeted the first installment, and the ultimate value of the entire undertaking.

Of the more than 1730 items here printed only sixty could not be found in the Roosevelt manuscripts. These sixty, combed from twenty-nine other collections, constitute a tribute to the industry of the editors rather than a mine of untapped riches. In short, most of these letters were presumably available when Pringle published his biography in 1931. Did Pringle use them wisely and well? This reviewer thinks not. Consciously or unconsciously Pringle reacted against the heroic portrait drawn by Roosevelt himself and by his early eulogists. Because of the time in which he

wrote and because of his own convictions, Pringle had little patience with some of Roosevelt's ideas and interests. This correspondence should revise several of Pringle's judgments and provide a truer picture of the many-sided twenty-sixth President.

Several phases of Roosevelt's career must be re-evaluated in the light of these documents. Among others are his handling of Congress, his understanding of the legislative process, his dealings with opposing factions in certain states, his concern for the Negro problem in the South and, to a lesser extent, his attitude toward corporations and labor unions. In foreign policy he appears more perceptive and less naïve than earlier writers have insisted; while his attention to colonial administration, insular defenses and the organization of the armed forces offers students of those neglected fields valuable data. The significance of his family life and his far-ranging intellectual interests emerge from these pages more clearly than ever before.

On certain familiar episodes these two volumes add little new. The story of Panama, the Coal Strike, the Northern Securities suit, and the frequent clashes with the Senate will not be changed by what is printed here. There is nothing novel regarding his advisers and associates except, perhaps, his dependence upon Philander C. Knox and William H. Moody.

Highly selective in their choice of letters (less than a tenth of those available are presented), the editors have been lavish in providing aids for the scholar. Copious footnotes, a full index, a day-by-day chronology and a penetrating essay by Associate Editor John M. Blum on tariff revision and railroad legislation enhance the value of the documents. The index, with both name and subject entries as well as cross-references (some leading back to the index in volume II), is superior to those generally found in these ventures. The chronology, like the index, has some flaws; but it should be particularly useful to specialists who concentrate on one aspect of Roosevelt's career and ignore or minimize the other issues that he faced at the same time.

The footnotes may elicit more difference of opinion. Highly individualistic and even unorthodox, they reflect the interests and prejudices of the editors and occasionally provide more humor than information. Most of the time, however, they supply with a minimum of words and a maximum of insight thumbnail sketches

of persons mentioned in the text and authoritative bibliographical references. Frequently they contain valuable lists of Presidential appointments to diplomatic posts abroad or to federal offices at home. They do not always cite incoming letters to which Roosevelt replies or refers, but that practice becomes more regular in volume IV. One highly commendable procedure has been to indicate in the footnotes those problems in which the President's intense interest is not fully revealed by the correspondence that is printed.

Mechanically the work is superbly executed. Letters are clearly identified, typographical errors are remarkably few, and it would be a parade of pedagogy to list the minor mistakes that have crept into the footnotes. This reviewer does wonder whether the text, as taken from the Roosevelt Letterbooks, is identical with the letters sent. It is doubtful whether the 1700 copies could be collated with the originals. And were all items here printed actually despatched? The editors have marked, somewhat inconveniently, those they know were never mailed. It is probable that some others, not so denoted, fall into the same category.

The inaccessibility of the Lodge Papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society posed a serious problem for the editors. These volumes, however, suffer from that handicap much less than their predecessors. For the years 1868 to 1900 some 217 letters to Lodge were selected, and almost all had to be taken from the incomplete printing of 1925. For the years 1901 to 1905, Professor Morison chose only fifty-five. Of these, nine have never been published before. Of the remaining forty-six, only sixteen were materially altered in the volumes edited by Lodge and, after his death, by his secretary. The discrepancies, to be sure, are important but not important enough to have justified the omission from this enterprise of all letters to Lodge which could not be checked in the Roosevelt manuscripts. The long correspondence between these intimates is too vital for an understanding of Roosevelt to be left out just because the text of part is not completely trustworthy or because much of it, some in mutilated form, is available in other editions.

"The intent behind this venture," writes Professor Morison, "is to make easily accessible all the available letters of Theodore Roosevelt that seem necessary to reveal, in so far as letters can,

his thought and action in all the major and many of the minor undertakings of his public and private life." This objective is eminently sound and has been achieved with efficiency and enthusiasm. It is true, of course, that a digest of all pertinent incoming mail would have made these letters even more valuable. It is also true that eight volumes may seem too many for the general reader and too few for the specialist. But it was never supposed that this publication would make the best-seller lists or obviate the necessity of further research in the Library of Congress. What is available here is a full-length portrait of an important and a complex American together with a magnificent foundation for investigation in a period where the manuscript sources are so extensive as to discourage the most ambitious scholar. If every one of Roosevelt's major contemporaries could find his Morison in eight volumes, the task of the historian of twentieth-century America would be infinitely easier, not to say much more enjoyable.

RICHARD W. LEOPOLD.

Northwestern University.

Life in America. By Marshall B. Davidson. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1951. Two volumes. Pp. xiii, 573, 503. $20.00.)

In his introduction to these handsome volumes, Mr. Francis Taylor says that "we belong to a generation that has no time to read its Gibbon but will linger fascinated over a thousand images of history," and that there has arisen "a new type of scholarship which gives authority to pictorial representation as a substitute for masses of printed words." If indeed we cannot find time for Gibbon—or, where "life in America is" concerned, for Adams, De Tocqueville, Parkman, or Parrington—we are in a bad way and may well ask whether movies, television, and illustrated books and magazines are adequate substitutes. Surely, if authentic "scholarship" is to continue, we need "printed words" as well as "pictorial representation." *Life in America* illustrates the point.

It is primarily a collection of "graphic material" relating to this country, and is certainly the best "picture-book" of American social history yet produced. But Mr. Davidson wisely recognizes that the pictures do not and cannot tell the whole story, and supplements those he has chosen with illuminating pages of text. More-

over, he warns users of his volumes that there are areas in our social history in which material for a pictorial history is not to be found. In the early colonial period, for example, very little was supplied by men of the time and there are inevitably large "gaps in the pictorial sequence," although there are adequate quantities, if not "masses," of printed words, which, for those who can still find time to read, recreate vividly the life of Puritan New England or the first settlements in Virginia. Mr. Davidson sees also that there are some things important in our social history which by their nature defy graphic depiction. Literature in the broad sense of the word has certainly been a social force in American life; the theologies, philosophies, and scientific theorizings of some Americans have helped to shape the thinking of their contemporaries and followers; but it is virtually impossible to find pictures which will define the importance of a poem or novel or to photograph a metaphysical idea or an abstract mathematical concept. Mr. Davidson has quite properly concentrated on those departments of social history which best lend themselves to illustration, with no attempt to make pictures do more than pictures can. His text is chiefly concerned with the same departments but in it he touches lightly on a little of the historical material which cannot be effectively revealed in drawings, paintings, or photographs. *Life in America* is not, therefore, a comprehensive summary of our social history but a series of essays in pictures and words on many of its important aspects.

There is a section on colonial America, one called "East Goes West," another the "Square Rigger Empire," and the first volume ends with treatments of "Agriculture" and "Industrial America." The second volume deals with the recreations of the people, the cities, and the means of communication which were "Roads to Union." The last part, "The Democratic Mold," is a brilliant commentary on some of the actual workings of American democracy past and present.

As a "picture-book" *Life in America* is valuable first of all because Mr. Davidson has unearthed rich material not represented in other works of its kind. He has wisely included a few imaginative renderings which, however historically inaccurate, have become "symbols" for his countrymen—Leutze's painting of Washington crossing the Delaware, for example—but for the most part

he has limited himself to "the work of eyewitnesses or of contemporaries well enough informed to draw a scene faithfully." Such work he has found in museums, libraries, historical societies, and private collections, here and abroad. One drawing, and an interesting one, was discovered in a restaurant window in a small New Jersey town.

The second feature which makes *Life in America* superior to its rivals is the skillful arrangement of its illustrations. Not only do they look well on the pages in relation to the printed text, but often they are so placed that their juxtaposition and sequence tell as much of a historical conflict or development as paragraphs of prosaic exposition could. In the chapter on "The New America" we have a painting of a Swedish family saying good-bye to a son bound for America, followed by an engraving of life between decks on an emigrant ship, a picture of the immigration depot at Castle Garden in 1884, a photograph of a Rumanian shepherd at Ellis Island, and a cartoon protesting against unrestricted immigration. Then come, among other things, a country school, and on two pages facing each other, a photograph of homesteaders outside their hut in Nebraska in 1886 and one of a "homestead" in New York about 1910—a crowded room in a slum tenement. The last three illustrations in the book display a shack deserted by an automobile mechanic who has gone to war, a chop suey restaurant with a "welcome home" sign for the returning soldiers of 1945, and the new United Nations building.

Mr. Davidson's text is based on wide reading in a variety of standard books, listed in a convenient bibliography, and is for the most part skillfully planned and entertainingly written. It may seem thin to historical specialists, but to have included more detail would have made it unwieldy and probably less useful as an immediate background for, and interpretation of, the pictorial material. Mr. Davidson has a knack for apt quotation and often gives color to his writing by well-chosen excerpts from writers who, like the makers of the pictures, were either eyewitnesses of the aspects of American life he discusses or well enough informed to write about them with insight. The illustrations in *Life in America* speak surprisingly well for themselves, but Mr. Davidson's text gives added emphasis to what they have to say. It contributes greatly to the value of a book which will be an indispensable tool

for scholars and a joy to all readers who have any interest in the way Americans live now and have lived in the past.

KENNETH B. MURDOCK.

Harvard University.

John Adams and the Prophets of Progress. By Zoltán Haraszti. (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. 1952. Pp. xiv, 362. $5.00.)

John Adams, says the author of this remarkable book, is the least known of the great Americans. The statement is undoubtedly correct but less so now than it was before. Mr. Haraszti, working from the comments that Adams scribbled in the margins of his books, has given us a new fund of information. A great deal of the writing that Adams published in this own lifetime amounted to little more than transcriptions of other men's works with occasional comments. In fact, as Mr. Haraszti shows, the *Defense of the Constitution* and the *Discourses on Davila* contain even fewer of Adams' own words than we had hitherto supposed. His voluminous marginal comments on a variety of authors (including Bolingbroke, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Voltaire, de Mably, Condorcet, and Mary Wollstonecraft), almost equal his own relatively meager share of the books whose title pages bear his name.

In many ways the marginalia are more revealing than the published works. Adams read and annotated passionately. At times he could scarcely allow a writer to say a word without agreeing or disagreeing. And when he disagreed, unless driven to speechless exclamations ("Fool! Fool!"), he was at pains to point out the error. As a result his books frequently have the appearance of a dialogue between himself and the author, and Mr. Haraszti has given them to us in precisely this form. The result is not only vastly entertaining but highly informative, and reaches an altogether new dimension when we get Adams' comments on his own works. Mr. Haraszti introduces each dialogue with the information we need to understand it, and in three brilliant introductory chapters presents the most eloquent defense of Adams that the reviewer has seen. Haraszti includes in these chapters an appeal for full publication of Adams' correspondence, and the remainder of the book fully justifies the plea.

The John Adams who emerges from these pages is not a different man from the one we have known, but we see some of his traits more sharply delineated. His vanity is nowhere else so transparent as here, brought out in incessant and frequently petty disagreements with the authors he is reading, and in petulant outbursts of self-pity because of the too little fame that has been his. His jealousy of Franklin and Jefferson is so shameless as to be embarrassing. At times one wonders whether John Adams deserves to be considered one of the great Americans. Such a doubt is engendered, too, by the doctrinaire quality of his political theory exposed in these notes. One knew already of his insistence on the bicameral legislature with a strong executive and an aristocracy in the upper house. On the basis of this doctrinaire one can predict much too easily how he will react to any political statement.

In spite of the very evident vanity and rigidity, however, the reader will hardly fail to find here a great man. The defects of character which are at first sight so striking disappear or sink into insignificance as one reads on. One senses gradually, for example, that behind Adams' irritation with the *philosophes* lay not merely his own vanity but a genuine respect for the men he was attacking. He had known many of them personally, and the warmth of his anger grew in part at least out of esteem, as is apparent when he takes advantage of blank pages to cite the redeeming features of a book and his admiration for the author.

Adams' political thought likewise takes on new proportions as the book progresses. In his other writings the demand for a bicameral legislature frequently appears as a rather thinly disguised plea for aristocracy. His argument that aristocrats must be prevented from attaining too much power by placing them in a separate branch of the legislature sounds like an attempt to establish aristocracy under the guise of limiting it. In his marginalia, however, Adams shows that he genuinely wished to preserve the rights of the people against aristocrats. England should have "a more equitable representation of the commons in the legislature." In America there is "too great an inequality of fortune in all the States," and the Society of the Cincinnati is "more pernicious than all this inequality of fortunes."

Once we credit his sincerity, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Adams' political philosophy was no mere set of abstract

propositions but the product of a pitiless scrutiny of his own human failings. His insistence on the force of human ambition and of the necessity for providing political institutions to compass it can be understood as a reflection of his own vanity and ambition. He knew the force of these emotions in himself, and he saw that others (Hamilton, for example) were even more moved by them than he. In constructing his political theory on a recognition of this phenomenon he was constructing it on what he took to be solid fact, as opposed to the wishful thinking of the *philosophes*. One discovers in this book that Adams respected fact. The doctrines of a Rousseau go down before his onslaught like those of a witch-doctor. "Reasonings from a state of nature are fallacious, because hypothetical," he writes, "We have not facts. Experiments are wanting." And the European idea of the noble savage was as distant from the facts as the hypothetical state of nature. When the Abbé de Mably writes of the ease with which primitive men could satisfy their needs, Adams comments scornfully, "Ask the Sachems, ask the Indians."

Respect for fact is the key to Adams' character. This is what rescued him from acting on mere doctrine and gave him stature as a statesman. It is not surprising that Bolingbroke was one of the few political writers with whom he could agree, for Bolingbroke, too, wanted statesmen who would face the facts and make decisions for their country free of party prejudice. Bolingbroke could not live up to his own maxims, but Adams could and did. When the test came he did not fail himself.

Everyone knows that Adams' political party was strongly anti-French. No one who reads Haraszti's book can entertain a doubt of Adams' own dislike of the French Revolution and of French philosophy, but his expletives must be read with the memory that he sacrificed his popularity and his future political career in order to prevent war with France. He knew that this was the most important decision of his life, and fifteen years later he was still ready to have written on his gravestone, "Here lies John Adams who took upon himself the responsibility of peace with France in the year 1800." The decision was so important not merely because it kept the United States out of war, but because it assured Adams that he had himself attained the quality he most valued in governments—balance. He had held in check his own ambition and acted,

in defiance of cabinet, party, and personal prejudice, out of respect for the actual situation of his country. As a result he was left to nurse in private the emotions that he had deliberately crushed for the public good. The vanity displayed in his duels with his books gives us insight into what his decision cost him and a new measure of his achievement as a man.

EDMUND S. MORGAN.

Selected Letters of Henry Adams. Edited with an introduction by Newton Arvin. *The Great Letters Series.* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Young. 1951. Pp. xxxiv, 279. $3.50.)

Henry Adams' high literary status is justified by his work in an admirable variety of forms—history, biography, reflective essay, even the novel—and not least by the fine art of his letters. His private correspondence ranks with the journal of his grandfather John Quincy Adams: the two bodies of work are our best and most sustained intimate record of American public life in the nineteenth century. Of the reserved and introspective grandson, it might have been guessed that he too would be a diarist and in the secrecy of his closet unburden his inmost thoughts and impressions for no other audience but himself. But Henry Adams acted from early life on a principle which he expressly recognized only very late, "The curse of a Diary is fatal." A novelist who would not acknowledge his authorship, an essayist who would not offer his work to the public, he still was not the isolated and crankily individualist writer that these characteristics have commonly suggested. He practiced exclusion on a grand scale, but he was an immensely social person. The object of his most private writing was communication.

The Selected Letters of Henry Adams will be for most of its readers an introduction to Adams' correspondence. As for those who admire his letters already, few will quarrel with Newton Arvin's choice of the best, given his limitations of space. That most admirers will wish other pieces had been included is partly a sign that Adams really belongs in a "Great Letters Series." But the full-size collections, edited by Worthington Chauncy Ford, will remain for them the truly memorable literary experience—and not only because there is more of a good thing. The aggregate of Ad-

ams' letters does not lend itself uniformly to a further process of selection than that which prevails in the standard editions.

The travel letters are the most conveniently anthologized, especially those of the decade after 1885. The tragic death of Mrs. Henry Adams in that year was the most profound experience of his life and one for which he almost never tried to find a direct expression in language. He sought release, instead, in a restless, world-wide search for clues to the renewal of emotional vitality. The acute observer of society now explored ranges of sensibility which he had comparatively neglected before. In Japan and Polynesia, in Ceylon and Sicily and Cuba, over the vastnesses of four continents, he learned the subtle and various charm of sense. He developed an eye for the immediate pleasures of natural beauty, both landscape and human, and for the more complicated delights of the arts, from architecture to the dance. His comments on the royal line of Tahiti or the medieval Normans of France have the authority of the catholic observer who has shared in the highest experience of a culture as much as any outsider can. The quality of these letters is consistently high, the tone unwavering, the matter episodic enough so that some of the letters may be a fair representation of all.

The early letters are hardest to deal with. The best letters of Henry Adams' youth and early manhood, read by themselves, give too much the sense of short-cut and abridgement. A small sample cannot do justice to the intricate development of his personality, and the young Henry Adams had not, though he aspired to, the rights of a personage. Mr. Arvin elaborates the parallel to Horace Walpole suggested by the letter-writer himself; it should be added that the mature Henry Adams, sure of the character he had created for himself, began to scorn the character he had affected.

There is no mistaking the man who, writing from Washington, describes himself as "half the year burrowing in twelfth-century art and religion; the other half, seated here in the very centre of the web, with every whisper of the world coming instantly to my ear." It is the old Henry Adams who profits most by further editing. Many of his later letters are among his best, but he expressed his apocalyptic vision of our twentieth-century plight too often by prediction instead of by prophecy. He wrote most interestingly when he mingled his talents, as when, in 1904, he commented on

that great cause of wit, "a bore as big as a buffalo," Theodore Roosevelt:

> What is one to do? Play Seneca to Theodonero? Open one's veins and invite Sister Anne and Rockhill to a last dinner? Socially it amounts to this. I have got to hide. Perhaps I may have to run. Yet the politics are so amusing that one wants to listen at the key-hole. I think this place is now the political centre of the world. Everybody is interested,—and excited,—and all are anti-Russian, almost to a dangerous extent. I am the only—relative—Russian afloat, and only because I am half-crazy with fear that Russia is sailing straight into another French revolution which may upset all Europe and us too. A serious disaster to Russia might smash the whole civilized world. Other people see only the madness; I see only the ruin.

Some aspects of Henry Adams' vision appear more sharply in his correspondence than in his more imposing works. Mr. Arvin's selection, as well as his commentary, indicate that the letters are not merely finger-exercises, but literary products of great intrinsic worth.

J. C. LEVENSON.

Letters of Benjamin Rush. Edited by L. H. Butterfield. Volume I: *1761-1792* (Pp. lxxxviii, 624); Volume II: *1793-1813* (Pp. 625-1295). (Princeton: Princeton University Press [for the American Philosophical Society], 1951. $15.00 the set.)

A complete knowledge of any period requires information about the nearly great as well as the truly great men. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence and foremost physician of his age, never achieved true greatness. Yet he was an intimate friend and correspondent of the leading figures and his frank opinions of them and their actions make his letters a valuable commentary on the major issues of the Revolutionary and early Federal period.

There has long been considerable interest in Rush, chiefly because of his important place in American medicine, yet the general unavailability of his letters and his autobiography have limited serious study to his technical writings. Although publication of the autobiography was contemplated soon after his death, and the manuscript prepared for the printer, it was not published and "access to it was steadily denied to historians" until it was brought out in

the present century. The family's reticence was no doubt occasioned by Rush's quarrel with Washington while he was the latter's physician general in the Continental army.

From time to time, members of the Biddle family (who had inherited a considerable portion of Rush papers, issued some Rush material in limited editions. One important such collection dealt entirely with the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793 and consisted of Rush's letters to his wife—"the most graphic record of the city's agony that survives." In these letters, Rush followed the maxim that "Prudence is a *rascally virtue*," and he spoke of many of his contemporary physicians in uncomplimentary terms. Alexander Biddle apparently sent the manuscript letters themselves to the printer with instructions to substitute blanks whenever a physician was mentioned by name, and a curious result was that "doctors of divinity were swept away along with doctors of medicine." This small collection served to arouse the hope that further letters would be made available, but more than three-quarters of the letters in the present volumes have never been printed before. While Nathan G. Goodman's biography, published in 1934, served to whet the appetite, it was not until 1948 that the complete text of the autobiography was published for the first time, edited by George W. Corner. Although some of Rush's publications were edited and reprinted by Dagobert Runes, 1947, a need still exists for carefully annotated editions of his writings, together with a decent evaluation of their contents. Until that time, we will still be unable to form a satisfactory judgment of his place in the history of medicine and in the teaching of that subject and also of chemistry in our country.

In his introduction to the present edition, Lyman Butterfield, formerly associated with the editing of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* and presently Director of the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, states his opinion that Rush, at the time of his death in 1813, "had achieved a reputation not surpassed by that of any other American physician for a century or more to come." This statement, reflecting the enthusiasm of the editor for the subject, is a little extreme since by the time a hundred years had elapsed (i.e., by 1913) America had produced other physicians of equal reputation: Walter Reed, Theobold Smith, William Beaumont. It is difficult for us today to understand the

high place held by Rush in the eyes of his American and European contemporaries, because he lived at the end of pre-scientific medicine and what he advocated in the practice of physic seems alien to us. Rush, who has been described by Richard H. Shryock as one of the last leaders of a medicine "not entirely divested of the medieval tradition," taught that "there is but one disease in the world" and that the "proximate cause of disease is irregular convulsive or wring action in the system affected." For this one disease, his followers had but one remedy: heroic treatment based on blood-letting and purging to reduce "convulsive action" by a process of "depletion." Rush believed that this simple unifying principle of disease might be compared to the contribution Newton had made to mechanics.

If Rush's medical ideas do not evoke our instantaneous admiration, we must nevertheless admit that he was a kindly person, a conscientious teacher, and a physician genuinely interested in his patients. Unfortunately, his "Lectures on the Practice of Physic" remain to this day unpublished, and in the edition of his letters under review here Mr. Butterfield has excluded what he calls "routine professional letters, containing prescriptions." We are, therefore, still unable to gain a full picture of Rush as a medical practitioner and teacher. Yet we must be grateful to Mr. Butterfield for having approached the ideal of "maximum documentation" in the case of the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, and the quarrel in the Continental hospital service that led to his resignation as physician general.

Mr. Butterfield's work on Rush is a model of good workmanship. Supported by a grant from the American Philosophical Society, he has established in the Society's library a union catalogue of manuscripts, publications, and other materials by and relating to Rush. This will be kept up to date and will locate all known letters and contain photocopies of those for which the originals are not in the Society's collection. This catalogue "has enabled the editor to choose or reject individual letters for publication with a free hand and a free conscience." Each letter is accompanied by a series of notes which identify individuals and events mentioned, explain the background or circumstances described, or summarize the letter (when available) to which it is a reply. The text of the letters has been edited "by standardizing spelling, punctuation, and capitalization according to modern usage," so that there are considerable gains in readableness and appearance; for those who are interested

in his quirks of spelling, a list of Rush's usages is presented. Our knowledge of medicine, daily life, prison reform, the temperance movement, anti-slavery feeling, education, and political events in America at the end of the eighteenth century and early years of the nineteenth century has been greatly enriched by the publication of these two handsomely printed volumes.

I. Bernard Cohen.

Harvard University.

Preble's Boys: Commodore Preble and the Birth of American Sea Power. By Fletcher Pratt. (New York: William Sloane Associates. 1950. Pp. 419. $5.00.)

This book finds Fletcher Pratt at his best; there is plenty of "shooting" narrative, at which he is a past master; and there is also an emphasis on personal descriptions and analysis, in which he is likewise most adept. The volume consists of studies of fifteen of the principal commanders of the War of 1812—virtually all, in fact, except John Rodgers and Oliver Hazard Perry. The common denominator, which holds the volume together, is the fact that they had all learned the art of naval warfare under the dour Portlander, Edward Preble, during the brief period when he commanded before Tripoli. Pratt had already, in his general history of the United States Navy, brought out Preble's invaluable contribution as a sort of one-man Naval Academy and Naval War College by providing high standards of basic indoctrination which the infant navy sorely needed. Of course, those of us who grew up in Portland had already appreciated him long before Pratt called attention to him—his cocked hat and epaulets in the Maine Historical Society, alongside the old Preble House, had a constant appeal to the youth of the city. In a final chapter on Preble's contribution, Pratt emphasizes the fact that, although they constituted only one-third of the officers of command rank by 1812, "Preble's boys won all the victories but one, and nearly all Preble's boys won victories."

Between the various chapters, each of which characterizes one commander, virtually all the actions of the Barbary Wars and the War of 1812 are given with lively color, with the individual passages so skillfully arranged that there is surprisingly little repetition. The book is full of interesting biographical material—to

mention only two items, Jacob Jones had failed at medicine and law before he became a naval officer; and Stewart's grandson, named for him, was the celebrated Irish leader, Parnell. Aside from Preble himself, Isaac Hull, from Connecticut, was the only New Englander in the group.

The author remarks at the very outset that he "believes that the place for a bibliography is in a library; and besides, when it is put into a book, it runs up the production costs, which is a matter of importance these days." He does cite a few titles, though it seems a bit strange to mention Dudley Knox and leave out the two Mahan volumes. Pratt seems to accept with less question than others have shown the story that Bainbridge and Stewart were instrumental in persuading the cabinet to use the Navy's cruisers at the outset of the war.

ROBERT G. ALBION.

Harvard University.

Early American Architecture, from the First Colonial Settlements to the National Period. By Hugh Morrison. (New York: Oxford University Press. 1952. Pp. xiv, 619. $12.50.)

During the past few decades, American architecture of the colonial period has been studied with astonishing intensity. More than two thousand books and articles have been written on one or another phase of the subject. This literature includes the work of a few excellent scholars, but most of it was produced by narrow and discursive antiquarians or by untrained and uncritical amateurs; as a whole, it is at once tedious and exasperating. Now, for the first time, the results of this activity have been brought together in an admirable textbook. Professor Morrison has carefully summarized the conclusions of preceding scholars. More remarkable, he has had the patience to winnow some of those other writings, extracting occasional nuggets of significant fact from dense conglomerations of irrelevant detail and condensing a few valuable perceptions out of limitless vapors of sentimental enthusiasm.

The book begins with five chapters on the seventeenth-century buildings of the English colonies, continues with three chapters on French and Spanish colonial architecture (down to 1848), and, returning to the eastern seaboard, concludes with nine chapters on "Georgian architecture, 1700-1780." At the end of each there is a

short list of reading suggestions, and the ample footnotes provide a further bibliographical guide. Almost five hundred small but adequate illustrations are included in the text. Without question this book will be the standard reference on early American architecture for many years to come.

The work is, of course, restricted by the task Morrison set himself. The exhausting labor of excerpting previous studies left the author little energy to work through the source material of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries or to conduct close examinations of the monuments themselves. Nor was he able to fill the very considerable gaps in our knowledge by his own original research. Hence his book has little over-all unity and no consistency of approach. For example, he describes in detail the tools and working procedures of seventeenth-century joiners, but he can tell us nothing about the craftsmen who carved elaborate mantelpieces in Georgian houses or turned the intricate balusters of their stairways.

A more personal difficulty arises from Morrison's lack of sympathy with more than half of his material. He finds the structures of the seventeenth century sound and workmanlike, and the architectural achievements of the Federal period masterly. By comparison Georgian buildings seem to him "at times merely naïve . . . merely pictorially pleasing, not architecturally great." Because he does not have a more positive appreciation of eighteenth-century design, the later portions of the book are marred by occasional embarrassing passages such as his confusing account of Renaissance architecture, and by a certain amount of tiresome and repetitious cant, as when over and over again he rails against the use of rustication.

Those limitations are inevitable and the faults are trifling. For Morrison's *Early American Architecture* will provide more people with more information of greater interest than any other study of American art that could be written today. It will offer scholars a convenient and competent survey, a base from which to proceed to original research. Considering his other outstanding achievement, his pioneering biography of Louis Sullivan, one must hope that the first scholar to use this book for that purpose will be Hugh Morrison himself.

JOHN COOLIDGE.

Harvard University.

SHORT NOTICES

Harvard 1926: The Life and Opinions of a College Class. By Cornelius DuBois and Charles J. V. Murphy. Preface by E. C. Aswell. (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. 1951. Pp. xii, 98. $2.50.)

This little volume published by the Class of 1926 at the time of its twenty-fifth reunion is a landmark for the social historian adrift in the stream of current generalizations about postwar generations of American youth. It not only tells in some detail what happened economically, geographically, and physically to a group of 450 supposedly favored young men who had been, on the average, fourteen years of age at the end of World War I, but it also gives as intimate a glimpse as one may hope ever to get, for such a large group of men, into the development of their thinking on marital, political, and social subjects.

The rather overwhelming mass of statistical material given—although presented in a commendably palatable form—is more notable for the restraint it imposes on sweeping generalizations than for confirmation of modern American folklore. In it one can find evidence of the persistence of the family background as a dominant factor in political alignment and economic status; but one can also find striking evidence of the economic and social mobility that traditionally goes with formal education in the American scene. The steady progression upwards of the median income of the class from $2,700 five years out of college to nearly $12,000 twenty-five years out suggests that a Harvard education has not been a deterrent to worldly success, but 39% of a class which has reached an age which is supposed to be at the peak of earning power has not yet made any savings or other provision for their declining years. Of the sound position in American society of this class, as measured by 46% in the professional occupations, there can be no doubt; but one could wish that more than 1% were active in the ministry and that more than 4% were engaged in government service.

Enlightening as is this shrewd and critical self-examination by a group of college graduates at the height of their powers, its great-

est value probably lies in the encouragement it gives for similar studies by similar groups. The investment of talent and resources in American universities calls for continuing evaluation of the product. The editors of the report of the Class of 1926 at Harvard have devised a model for the collection and presentation of readily available information useful for such an evaluation. No doubt the model can be improved, as they modestly suggest, but the questions asked are the questions for which every generation seeks the answers. It is well to know the answers given by one class; it would be much better to know the answers given by many classes.

DELMAR LEIGHTON.

Harvard University.

Whaling and Old Salem: A Chronicle of the Sea: With an Account of the Seal Fisheries, Excerpts from Whaling Logs, and Whaling Statistics. By Frances Diane Robotti. (Salem: Newcomb & Gauss. Distributed by Oliver Durell, Inc., New York. 1950. Pp. xii, 192. $3.50.)

Whaling was an important element in our early maritime history; so, too, was old Salem. Salem whaling, however, was a different matter. There was a moderate amount, but it was insignificant alongside the whaling of Nantucket or New Bedford or the pepper trade of Salem. The new evidence which this volume introduces in the matter of Salem whaling could very well have been compressed into an article in one of the journals. It would perhaps be unfair to call the rest of the book "padding," but it does consist of general material on whaling that was already available in very adequate form in the volumes of Ashley, Hohman, Hawes, and various others.

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